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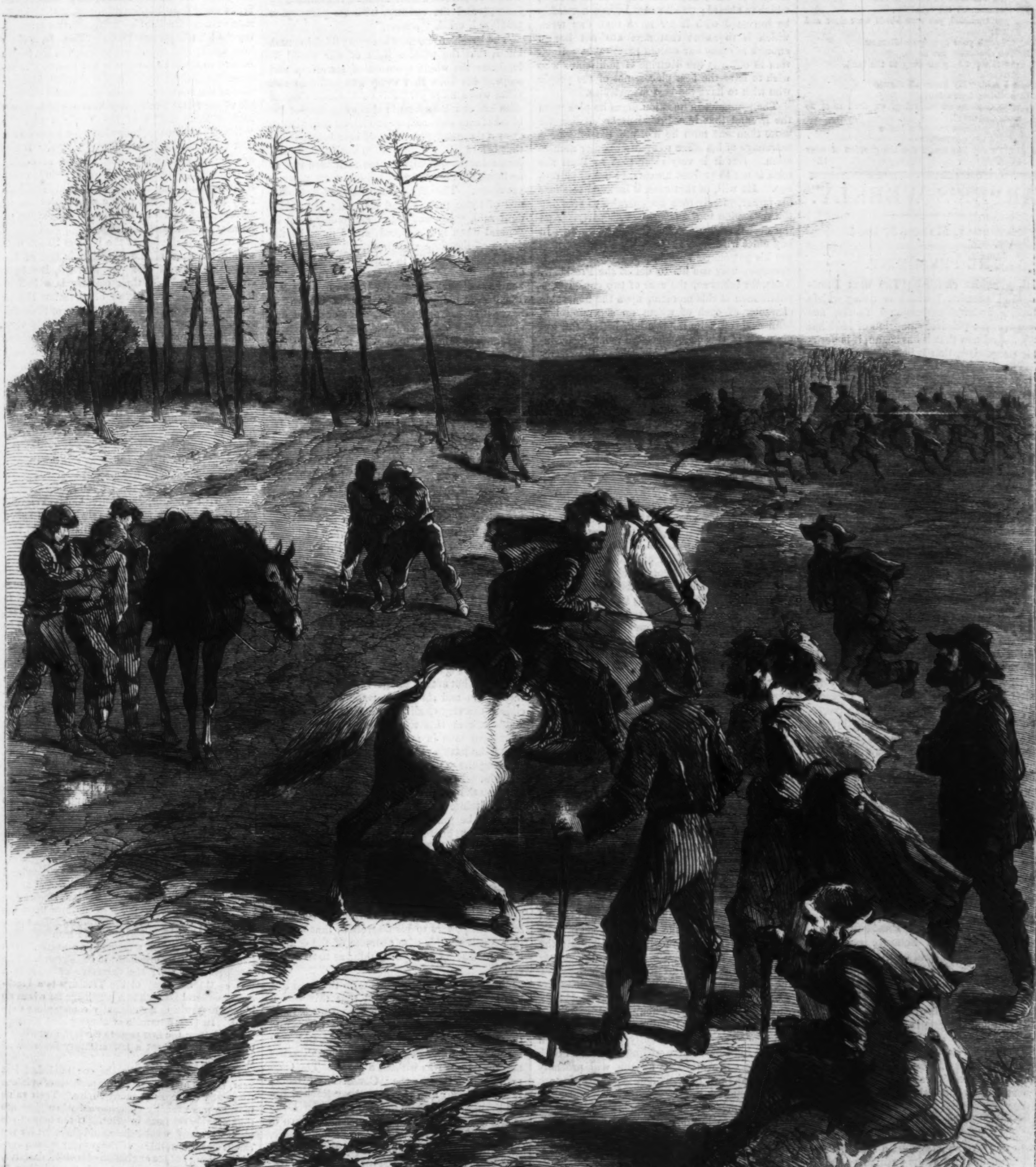


THE ESCAPED REFUGEES FROM THE LIBBY PRISON.—[See Page 151.]

THE BEAUTY THAT ENDURES.

I have loved you, Laura dearest,
And it is not for your eyes,
Though on me they shone like stars in every storm;
And I will not call you fairest,
For I know you little prize
The perfections of the perishable form.

But your spirit, fresh and kindly
As the hedge-rose peeping forth
In the dews and dewy blushes of the dawn,
I have worshiped, and not blindly,
For on balancing your worth
With your foibles, they, like feathers, were updrawn.

Like a fountain never failing
From the only disk of sward
Palm-shaded in the desert, flinging rain—
In your ear the voice of wailing
Ever strikes an answering chord,
And you sympathize with pleasure as with pain.

There's a cheerfulness about you,
Making every labor light,
And your modest household duties you adorn:
Life were cold and dark without you,
As to journey through a night
Unrelieved by any promise of a morn.

When the war-blast in shrill tremor
First announced the rebel foe,
Though you trembled, yet your words were clear and grand;
And although your eyes grew dimmer
As you counseled me to go,
You ne'er faltered in your duty to the land.

When I said, "My hopes all cluster
In a vision, Laura fair,
That, some time hence returning, we shall meet no more to part;"
In your eyes there flashed a lustre
That bid me not despair—
And now for my lost arm I ask the guerdon of your heart.
H.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 5, 1864.

THE PRESIDENT.

THE pamphlet entitled "The next Presidential Election," which is being widely distributed under Congressional franks, announces that the political campaign of 1864 has opened. And now that it has begun, it is desirable, in every view, that it be ended as soon as possible by the nomination. The Union men of the country will naturally wish to know at the earliest moment who is to carry their standard, that they may be able to devote all their time and force to the prosecution of the war and the restoration of the Union, instead of wasting them in personal squabbles among themselves.

Obviously in the midst of a war which, begun amidst the sneers and skepticism of foreign governments, and the sad doubt and fear of true men at home, has yet advanced to a near prospect of final victory, it would be a great moral advantage to retain, before all the world, the same general front; to say, on the one hand, to the rebels that the terrible experience of the three years past will be the experience of the four or five to come, if they do not yield, and to the world at large that the people of the United States are steadily bent upon the original purpose of the war, and by every legitimate means whatever, inflexibly mean to restore the Union and maintain the Government. If, indeed, the condition of public affairs were different; if our military lines were marked by disasters; if the rebellion had evidently strengthened itself; if there were a reasonable expectation that the Government might be overthrown; if trade were prostrated or industry paralyzed; if we had been overtaken by crushing financial calamity; if there were no fair prospect of recruiting our armies with veterans and the best of new men; if the measures of the Government at home had been such as to create a powerful and threatening opposition, or had been unfaithful to human liberty; in a word, if there were not a general conviction deep down in the heart of the people that, allowing for all faults and mistakes, and weaknesses, from which no men and no administration can be free; yet, under all the circumstances, military, social, and political, public affairs have been upon the whole, and certainly so far as the President is concerned, sagaciously and honestly conducted, then a change in the head of the Government would be not only wise, but it would be inevitable.

That the conduct of the war has been upon the whole satisfactory is evident from the fact that the political struggle is not really between the Administration and the Opposition, but among the Union men themselves. No loyal Union man proposes a serious change in the present policy, and therefore a change of President is advocated upon theoretical grounds. But is this a time for personal preferences and theories? The pamphlet of which we spoke in the beginning of this article argues warmly, for instance, although not very ably, against a second Presidential term, and fortifies its position by the advice of Washington and Jackson, each of whom were twice elected. But why were they so? Simply because the people preferred them to any other candidates. So in many of the States the same Governor has been re-elected for many consecutive years, because of the popular satisfaction with the man and his services. Is not that liberty of choice of the very essence of a free government? Is it not, as a rule, better that a representative, who really represents the feelings of his constituency, should be sent for many terms to Congress than that an inexperienced person should be sent every two years? The biennial election may be, and often justly is, the declaration of entire satisfaction with the service of the representative. It would certainly be a remarkable exception in the practice of a popular system if the representative must, of necessity, be displaced. The doctrine of rotation in office is the result of a misapprehension of a popular government. No State, or city, or nation, or village would be necessarily better ordered, because the authorities were changed every month or every year. It is the regular frequency of elections which is the characteristic safeguard of our system. The object of the election is to allow the people to choose the man who best pleases them. But to make him ineligible after one term is to defeat that object, and compel them to adopt one who is not their preference. It is in effect to say either that a man who has been proved by experience to be fit for his office shall not continue to hold it, which is absurd; or else that he can not safely be intrusted with it for more than one term, which is to assert that men are not honest enough to make our system practicable. Rotation in office is the doctrine of politicians who wish to have the best places, not of the people who wish to have the best magistrates.

The pamphlet in question urges its plea upon the ground that if a President be eligible for more than one term he will use the enormous patronage of his office to secure another nomination. But it is very clear that to limit the term is not to prevent his corrupt use of patronage. He will, in that case, if inclined to abuse his power, merely turn his energies to securing the succession to the favorite of his party. And the objection lies against vesting patronage in any office whatever, because, if a President may use his patronage to secure a renomination, a Secretary may use his to defeat the President. Take, for instance, the case of two conspicuous public men at this moment, upon the honorable character of each of whom no aspersion had been cast, even by implication, before the appearance of this pamphlet—we mean Mr. Lincoln, the President, and Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury. Each of them wields enormous patronage. The President, according to the pamphlet, should not be eligible for two terms lest he should misuse his patronage. Very well. And the Secretary of the Treasury—? If the reasoning be sound, he should not be eligible at all lest he should misuse *his*. Is it proposed that no officer who commands patronage shall be eligible to the Presidency?

As a fact, however, the President is eligible for two terms; and this pamphlet—wisely anonymous—therefore suggests that, if Mr. Lincoln can so wield his patronage at this time as to secure his re-election, it will be much easier for him, with half a million of soldiers and enormous treasures at his command, to have himself re-elected from term to term through his natural life! The author has spared us the necessity of the *reductio ad absurdum*. For he is speaking of Mr. Lincoln; and unless we have entirely misapprehended the impression he has made upon the people, it would be as easy to persuade them to elect Mr. Vallandigham President as to believe Mr. Lincoln to be a new Aaron Burr.

The other argument against the renomination of the President is not theoretical, but practical; it is, that the people are mortified, humbled, and disappointed by the duration of the war, for which, says the pamphlet, nothing but the vacillating policy of the President is responsible. Yet, whoever will deliberately picture to himself the condition of the country and of the public mind at the beginning of the war; the utter lack of general belief that there was to be a war; the want of an army and a navy; the indifference and doubt of the great Democratic opposition at the North; the want of a sentiment of nationality; the question as to the coercive power of the Government; the political and social sympathy with the rebels; the hatred of abolitionism, and the careful excuse of men who said that they were willing to maintain the Union but not to touch slavery; the empty treasury; the universal scorn and jealousy of the Western European Powers; the long demoralization of the public mind, which had been carefully wrought by Calhoun and his political school, which had so long controlled the Government, and so successfully that some men now in high office were willing to let the South go—whoever will recall all this will probably agree that the President had before him a task which required infinite sagacity, patience, and moderation. His success would depend upon his ability to interpret the real popular sentiment, and to distinguish between enthusiasm and conviction. If he lagged, or went too fast, he would equally fail. Every step he took must seem wise to the great public mind, whether it pleased or displeased the ardent van of thinkers and talkers, who are the educators, but not the representatives, of public opinion. Elected as a Republican, known as the author of the saying in reference to slavery and freedom in this country, "A house divided against itself can not stand," supposed (as he was supposed at that time) to be ruled by the Secretary of State, who had declared the existence of the irrepressible conflict, Mr. Lincoln knew that whatever might be the love of the Union—and even that was to be proved—the hate of abolitionism was practically universal. His object was, it must have been, to have a party to sustain the Government, and that party must be, so far as practicable, the undivided North. Senator Yulee, of Florida, had openly said in Washington what every body feared: "The North will have enough to do to take care of itself." Franklin Pierce had written to Jefferson Davis that the war would be at the North. Had the President made a mistake, Yulee and Pierce would have been true prophets. Had the President said on the 15th April, 1861, "Slavery has attacked the Union, slavery is abolished," the suspicious jealousy of the Opposition would have burst into full cry: "There! we knew it. He takes advantage of a riot in South Carolina to overthrow the Union and plunge us into civil war." But the President, equal to his great office in the most solemn crisis of our history, said, simply, "The Union and Government must be maintained by force;" and the country, with its party-spirit paralyzed, cried, "Amen!"

The President knew, what every thinking man knew, that the terrible light of war would illuminate the whole question of its origin and scope. He knew that every gun and rifle and pistol was a more persuasive anti-slavery orator than had ever been heard; that every drop of the blood of sons and brothers and friends would wash clear a thousand eyes that had been blinded, and that before long public opinion would justify and demand measures which some men then saw to be inevitable, but for which the country was not yet ready. Therefore, when General Frémont, one of those men, issued his order, the President said, "No, not yet. The policy must be general when it is adopted, and I must be the judge of the time and the way." So to General Hunter he said in substance: "I do not deny that it may become necessary to do what you have done, but I am the person to order it." There were many faithful men who, when they heard his words, said, sadly, "He does not understand the case, and we are lost." There were many faithless men who thought, "The rebellion is sure of success." If you say that he ought to have trusted the popular enthusiasm, which would have supported the extremest measures, at least you confess that it is only a question of relative sagacity between you and the President. You think the people were ready. He thought they were not. And observe that now, more than two years afterward, the Senate of the United States, almost purged of secessionists, can not make up its mind to pay colored soldiers, who have most bravely fought for the flag, the wages which the Government expressly agreed to pay them. Do you suppose they would debate the point a quarter of an hour if these soldiers were white? The President can not rightfully do what he honestly thinks the people ought to wish, but what he honestly thinks they do wish, because only what they do wish will stand. There were men enough who said, when General Frémont's order came, "Certainly; arm the slaves, and they will make short work of rebels." But within six months these same men were sighing for well-stocked plantations. The sagacity which distinguishes between the furious but evanescent gust of excitement and enthusiasm and the steady trade-wind of principle is the very quality to be desired in a chief magistrate at this time; and among all the prominent men in our history from the beginning none have ever shown the power of understanding the popular mind so accurately as Mr. Lincoln. Nothing is more natural and more common than that an ardent man should in one breath declare that the people wish this or that course to be pursued, and in the next sneer at the President because he yields only to a pressure of the people. What should he yield to? And did Mr. Lincoln ever resist it? Did he ever lag behind it? The President can not treat the nation as a general does an army, and make it subject to his arbitrary will; and although the Constitution wisely intrusts during war the most important powers to his discretion, that discretion consists in his wise estimate of the conviction and desire of the public mind as to their exercise.

From the beginning of his term the President has evidently been persuaded that this was a people's war: that, if the people were wise and brave enough, they would save the Union and the Government; and if they were not, then that no leader could or ought to save them. Twenty months ago he was without a party. The Copperheads hated him; the "Conservative Republicans" thought him too fast; the "Radical Republicans" thought him too slow; the War Democrats were looking for the chance of a return to political power. He held steadily upon his way. As he thought the country ready he took each advancing step. He issued the preparatory proclamation. He followed it with the New Year's decree. He wrote the Greeley letter, the Vallandigham letter, the Springfield letter, simple, plain, direct; letters which the heart of every man in the land interpreted, and, unlike any other instance in our political annals, every letter he wrote, every speech he made, brought him nearer to the popular heart; so that now it is a little too late to call him "well-meaning," "incompetent," "a mere joker," because it is the general conviction that he is no man's puppet; that he listens respectfully to his Cabinet and then acts from his own convictions; that by his calm and cheerful temperament, by his shrewd insight, his practical sagacity, his undaunted patience, his profound faith in the people and their cause, he is peculiarly fitted for his solemn and responsible office. Nor is it likely that the people who elected him when he was comparatively unknown will discard him because, in the fierce light of war which tries every quality and exposes every defect, he has steadily grown in popular love and confidence.

OUR DUTY TO LOYAL SOUTHERNERS.

A party of loyal Texans, attempting to escape to our lines, were lately almost entirely destroyed in the Kenosha Valley, and all the roads are reported to be securely guarded to prevent escaping. On the other hand, our prisoners who broke away from Richmond report that eighteen men were confined at Castle Thunder for attempting the life of Jefferson Davis. These facts show how deadly and complete the terror of the South is, and indicate that there is but one way to release the people, which is the absolute occupation of the country. However deluded the people of the Slave States may have been, however intense their hatred of the Yankees and the "Lincoln despotism," they have long since seen that the rebellion is a ghastly failure. It has not kept one of its promises. It has succeeded in nothing but the entire ruin of the whole country in which it rages. Its utter futility and bald folly are now evident to the dullest devotee of slavery, and its acts will henceforth be those of ferocity and desperation.

Meanwhile the fate of the hapless Union men within the area of the rebellion is one of the great tragedies of history. Marked, insulted, outraged, murdered, their country is a hell to them, and their only hope of salvation lies in the stalwart arms and strong hearts of their fellow-citizens at the North. It is in this view that the conduct of certain members of Congress and newspapers in the loyal States is not only contemptible but virtually criminal. When, for instance, a man says that there is a tendency to place us at the North under a similar terror to that of the South, and that between a Davis despotism and a Lincoln despotism there is very little to choose, he says and implies what he knows to be false. He deliberately mocks the bitter agony of the loyal men at the South, and by doing what he can to destroy popular support of the Government of the United States he conspires with Toombs, Benjamin, Cobb, Wigfall, and the rest of the wretched rebel crew, to shed the innocent blood of faithful citizens. At this moment to be a Copperhead is to be infamous. It is to sustain the men who in the Kenosha Valley and elsewhere murder escaping loyal Texans. It is to encourage the soldiers of Lee, and Longstreet, and Johnston to hold out. It is to say to the doubting, hoping, fearing slaves, "Your chains shall be riveted again." It is to befriend treason, to foster anarchy, to betray liberty.

If these truths were borne constantly in mind the Copperheads would be made to feel the weight of social obloquy more heavily than hitherto. The plea of an honest difference of opinion is inadmissible. If a man be honestly a rebel, let him take that position. If he be unconditionally for the country and Government, let him stand earnestly by them. If he vociferate that he is for them, and by all he says and does incessantly cheers the rebels and disheartens loyal men, let him expect and receive the consideration due to the basest falsehood.

GUROWSKI'S DIARY.

Count Gurowski's book must not be dismissed with a smile or sneer. It is the criticism of an inflexible, unreasonable, brave, fanatical, sincere European red republican and *revolutionaire* upon the conduct of a constitutional Government. The book rages and froths with fury. Every man who does not succeed is a dolt, a craven, or a traitor. The lantern is the only argument to be tolerated. The President is a fool; the Secretary of State is a knave; the Secretary of the Treasury is a blockhead; General Halleck is a personage for whom no language furnishes a sufficiently contemptuous epithet. In fact, a tornado of abuse whirls through the work from the first page to the last, overwhelming every one except a few arbitrary favorites of the author.

And yet the book, like the one published last year, is only an extravagant expression of opinions frequently expressed in many circles. Their value may be more readily apprehended when they are thus gravely set forth in print. If the tone of the work were just, what hope would there be for the country or the world? If the popular system ended in nothing but the exaltation of boobies, dastards, and traitors, who would not wish the rebellion to succeed? The Count, with evident sincerity, offers his homage to the people. But who could help despising a people who would be so duped by transparent charlatans, and who could help distrusting their judgment wherever and however expressed? Count Gurowski, it seems to us, even after his long residence and faithful study, does not understand America or the American people. When he exclaims, after the sad day of Fredericksburg, that in such circumstances the very rabble of Constantinople would storm the Seraglio, implying that the American people are recreant or stupid because they do not rise against the authorities, he merely takes the ground of Vallandigham and Jeff Davis, of all wild and reckless revolutionists, and shows his exact misapprehension of the genius and training of the American people.

We can imagine a judge of the old Revolutionary tribunal of France criticising the conduct of William Third as the Count censures the President. An honest man, a friend of the people, ardent, devoted, pure, we can imagine the old revolutionist to be; but not a wise leader, nor a safe counselor, nor a sound critic. And to see so sincere a man the prey of ungovernable rage, to read his scornful gibes at trusty friends, to know how large a heart he had, how truly accomplished he was, what heroism he showed and had shown, would move neither anger nor contempt, but the profoundest pity and regret, which also the old *revolutionaire* would reject with a hiss of indignation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*February* 17. Several private measures were introduced and referred, among which was a message from the President recommending an appropriation for paying the claims of the owners of the French ship *La Manche.*—Mr. Brown, of Missouri, offered a joint resolution to the effect that, after the passage of the act, slavery shall not exist in the United States or Territories, any law, usage, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding, and that involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, is prohibited: referred.—Mr. Pomeroy introduced a bill donating to the several States public lands to the amount of 30,000 acres for each Senator and Representative in Congress for the support of the children of soldiers and sailors who may die in the military or naval service; one-fourth of the lands may be applied as homesteads for such orphans as may desire them: referred.—Mr. Johnson, from the Judiciary Committee, reported adversely to the bill of Mr. Sumner explanatory of the Confiscation Act; the report urges that the explanatory resolution shall not be so construed as to create any restriction or forfeiture of real estate other than is created by the Constitution in case of an attainder of treason.—Mr. Davis concluded his speech on the bill to equalize the pay of white and colored soldiers. In the course of his remarks he said the President had assumed the enormous power to prohibit the return of the States under their Constitutions, and to require that certain conditions abhorrent to the people of these States shall be complied with before the State shall be allowed to return to the Union; and that the re-election of the present President, or the election of one of similar radical views, would confirm these enormous usurpations and abuses of power. In the course of his speech Mr. Davis made severe denunciations against several Senators, for which he was called to order. Mr. Doolittle said that the whole tenor of Mr. Davis's remarks were calculated to create personal strife, and he should either call him to order or leave his seat, as he would not listen to personal attacks which were out of order and beneath the dignity of the Senate. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, agreed that much that had been said by Mr. Davis was productive of nothing but mischief.—Mr. Sumner offered amendments to the Constitution as a substitute to those reported on the 10th by Mr. Trumbull from the Judiciary Committee. The first of these proposed amendments is, with slight verbal changes, the same as that proposed by the Judiciary Committee, prohibiting slavery and involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime, and empowering Congress to make all necessary laws to enforce this prohibition. The second proposed amendment strikes out the "three-fifth" provision in respect to taxation and representation, leaving the clause (Article I. § 2, ¶ 3) as follows, "*Representation and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several States of the Union according to their numbers, excepting Indians not taxed.*" The third proposed amendment strikes out ¶ 3, § 2 of the 4th Article, which provides for the return of persons held to service or labor, escaping from one State into another. The propositions now before Congress for the abolition of slavery resolve themselves into three classes: the first proposes to accomplish this by amendments to the Constitution; the second by the direct action of Congress; the third by the action of the several States.——*February* 18. Mr. Sherman, from the Agricultural Committee, submitted a bill to encourage emigration. It appoints a Commissioner of Emigration who shall collect information as to soil, productions, wages, etc., which he shall disseminate in Europe; there are to be offices in New York and New Orleans.—A joint resolution was adopted to facilitate the transfer of sailors from the army to the navy. As sailors receive prize-money no bounties are to be paid them, except that they will receive an advance of three months' pay, to be refunded from prize-money.——*February* 19. Mr. Foster introduced a bill to provide for the renting of abandoned lands and dwellings in the insurrectionary States, and for the care and employment of persons set free by the proclamation of the President. It places the matter in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury, and authorizes him to pay the necessary expenses from the profits of the labor of the slaves and from the sale of confiscated property: referred.—The report of the Committee of Conference on the Enrollment bill was called up. After a long discussion it was accepted by 26 to 16. Several Republican Senators who voted against it assigned their reasons. Mr. Lane, of Indiana, should vote against it on account of the commutation clause. Mr. Wilkinson was opposed to it, as he did not agree with the action of the House in the clause for securing substitutes. He believed that slaves were worth as much to the army as minor whites. He would never consent to make any difference between the able-bodied men of the country. Mr. Howe was opposed to the bill on account of the substitute clause which says in effect that while substitutes can not be procured for $300, yet the payment of that sum purchased exemption. The bill as it now stands authorizes the Secretary of War to use colored men in one State as substitutes for white men in other States. Several other Senators accepted the bill as the best that could now be passed in both Houses, although they did not wholly approve of it. Senators Davis and Powell of Kentucky, and Saulsbury of Maryland, spoke against the bill. Mr. Davis denied its constitutionality, and said that a vital objection to it was that it authorized the raising of negro troops, and also gave them their freedom. Mr. Powell said that the only proper way was for the Government to indicate the number of men wanted, leaving it to the States to furnish them by draft. As it is, the militia force is absorbed by this great consolidation of despotic power. The part of the bill providing for the enlistment of colored men robbed the slaveholders of their constitutional property; if it was intended to strike down slavery in the loyal States, he wished to see it done in an open and candid manner. Mr. Saulsbury's special objection to the bill was that it brought colored persons and negroes into the army. These people would not be slow to join in the cry for freedom and equality. Already negroes were to be seen in the galleries of the Senate. Mr. Howe rejoined that he would not vote for a black man while he could find a better white man; but when the people of Wisconsin should find a man more worthy than himself to fill his seat, he should insist upon their right to send him, even though his skin should be darker. At all events, he should have preferred a man with more loyalty than Mr. Saulsbury's late colleague (Mr. Bayard), even though his color were a little darker. Mr. Saulsbury rejoined that he intended to make no defense of his late colleague, who had purged himself from disloyalty by taking the oath, and had then resigned; but if the term loyalty meant loyalty to the negro, then he was disloyal. After some personal discussion the Senate adjourned to Tuesday, February 23.——*February* 23. Mr. Foot was chosen President of the Senate *pro tem.*, Mr. Hamlin being about to be absent for a time.—Petitions for the abolition of slavery, and for equal pay to colored troops, were presented and referred. A petition was presented from a Mr. Stockton, of Alabama, asking Congress, at the close of the war, to establish a standing army of 200,000 colored men, the officers to be white.—Mr. Carlile offered resolutions to the effect that the war should be carried on only against individuals in hostility, that its sole purpose was the restoration of the Union, leaving to each State the regulation of its own domestic policy; and that the President be requested to declare by proclamation that when the people of any State reorganize their State Government, repudiate the acts of secession, and acknowledge their obligations to the Union, there shall be a full act of amnesty to all persons, excepting such as the State Legislatures may designate to be held for trial before the courts of the United States: referred.—The Committee on Military Affairs was directed to inquire into the expediency of increasing the number of cadets in the Military Academy to 400, raising the standard of qualifications, fixing the minimum age at 17, and changing the mode of appointment, so that admission shall be based upon the merits of the candidates, as shown by examination.—Mr. Wilson's amendment to the bill equalizing the pay of soldiers, modified so as to leave it optional with the President to allow bounties to colored soldiers previous to the passage of the act, was reported.—Mr. Davis's proposition to disarm colored troops, and employ them only as teamsters and laborers, was rejected by 30 to 7.—The Senate agreed to the report of the Committee of Conference on the Whisky tax (the House, however, disagreed).—The Enlistment bill was brought up, briefly debated, and an amendment offered by Mr. Collamer, that all persons enlisted under the call of 1863 for 300,000 men shall receive equal pay and bounty: postponed.

House.—*February* 17. Mr. Allison introduced a bill granting lands to certain railroads; the object being to secure the immediate completion of the railroad through Iowa, to Omaha, connecting with the Pacific Railroad: referred.—Mr. Hooper, from the Committee of Ways and Means, asked leave to introduce a resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to sell any surplus of gold in the Treasury, beyond the amount which he may judge necessary to pay the interest on the public debt and other purposes. Mr. Kasson, in explanation, said that the demands of the Government for payments in gold and silver had brought into the Treasury so large a portion of the gold in the country that merchants were embarrassed in procuring specie to discharge their liabilities. This had caused a rise in the price, and the same cause would increase the price still further unless the Secretary of the Treasury were authorized to relieve the state of things. The sum locked up in the Treasury is now $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 beyond the wants of Government. By putting this, or as much as might be required into the market, the price of gold would be reduced to its legitimate rate.—Resolutions offered by Mr. Farnsworth were unanimously passed thanking the soldiers who had voluntarily re-enlisted, and directing that the resolutions should be read at the head of all re-enlisting veteran regiments.—The Senate amendments to the Revenue bill were taken up; a portion of these were agreed to, and a portion disagreed with; and a Committee of Conference was requested.—Mr. Cox made a speech in opposition to the proposed bill establishing a Bureau of Freedman's Affairs. He said he would not favor so novel, sweeping, and revolutionary a scheme as establishing an eleemosynary system for the blacks, making the Federal Government a plantation speculator and overseer. Millions of slaves, unfit for freedom, were to be freed; New England, which was fattening upon Western toil, should do its part in saving the slaves so improvidently freed. If slavery was doomed, the conflict would be between black and white. No system like the one proposed by this bill could save the slave, he would be crushed out as the war went on. The Northern Democracy was not responsible for this inevitable extirpation of the slave; this responsibility rested upon their opponents; in striking at slavery they had struck down that liberty of which the Northern Democracy are champions; and for this they must answer next fall. There would be no more cry of pro-slavery Democracy; the issue would be between the old order with the Democracy to administer it, or continued revolution with despotism to guide it—the old Union, with as much local sovereignty and personal freedom as can be saved, or a new abolition military unity of territory, with trinity of debt, tyranny, and fanaticism. Mr. Washburne in reply, after alluding to the recent elections in Ohio, which indicated that Mr. Cox would have no opportunity in the next Congress of again rehearsing his speech, proceeded to read extracts from a book of travels, "The Buckeye Abroad," published some years ago by Mr. Cox, in the course of which he describes his listening while at Rome to a plain African from Abyssinia, delivering a sermon in Latin in the most eloquent manner. The head of the Catholic Church, said Mr. Washburne, surrounded by the ripe scholars of the age from all parts of the world, was listening, not to the distinguished gentleman from Ohio, but to the eloquence of the despised negro; thus, in the language of Mr. Cox himself, "illustrating to the world the common bond of brotherhood that binds the human race."—The resolution of thanks to General Thomas and the men under his command at the battle of Chicamauga, was taken up. Mr. Garfield moved that the name of General Rosecrans be included. He made an elaborate vindication, or rather eulogy, of General Rosecrans's conduct during the whole war, and at Chicamauga in particular. Rosecrans had won the battles in Western Virginia early in the war, though another had carried off the honors. At Chicamauga he had but 42,000 opposed to the 75,000 of the enemy, and in the afternoon only 25,000 of our men met that mighty army, and at the final charge drove them back. The battle of Chicamauga was in effect a victory; if there had been during the war a greater success against such odds he had not heard of it. He was ready to honor General Thomas, but not to burden him with thanks at the expense of his superior officer. Thomas would desire no such thing. He had said, just after the battle of Chicamauga, "By all means prevent the removal of Rosecrans from the command of this army."——*February* 18. A bill was passed authorizing the purchase of Rock Island, Illinois, for an arsenal, as before provided for by law. The bill authorizing the sale of gold in the Treasury was debated. Estimates varying somewhat from those before made were presented. Mr. Hooper said that there was now $18,900,000 on hand, of which $18,200,000 was in the Sub-Treasury at New York; by the 1st of July there would be from $16,000,000 to $18,000,000 more, making $37,000,000 in all. There was less than $24,000,000 to be paid at that time, leaving an excess of $11,000,000 or $13,000,000 to be disposed of. Mr. Garfield, estimating the probable receipts from customs thought there would be on the 1st of July $50,500,000 in gold in the Treasury, an excess of $27,000,000 over the sum to be paid out. The bill was advocated on the general ground that the sale of this gold would diminish its price, and thus lower that of the necessaries of life, and facilitate mercantile transactions. It was opposed by Mr. Pendleton, on the ground that it would be giving dangerous power to the Secretary of the Treasury. He had now power to buy gold; this power to sell also at pleasure, thus enabling him to raise or depress the market; besides there was to be paid out within four months more gold than was now in the Treasury. The transaction was one in which no man would engage in his own private affairs. Mr. Brooks said the curse of the country was the excessive importation of luxuries; the greatest possible blessing would be to have gold rise so high as to stop such importations. The public faith was pledged to devote our gold to the payment of the interest of the public debt. If there is a surplus in the Treasury let the Secretary anticipate the payment of this interest. Mr. Fernando Wood condemned the financial policy of the Administration. Neither an individual nor a government could long sustain itself by borrowing; three years more of the war—and we might have ten—would end not only in the collapse of the Treasury but in the prostration of the national interests of the people. Amendments were proposed providing that the operation of the act should cease at the end of a year; that the Secretary of the Treasury should not sell gold without the advice and consent of the other Executive departments; that at least five days' notice should be given of any sale; and that he may withdraw any sum offered at any time before a bid was accepted. The bill was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.—A joint resolution, offered by Mr. Odell, was passed for the payment of the bounty of $25 to all the remaining nine months' militia, to a great portion of whom it had been paid. The Freedman's Bureau bill was further discussed, Mr. Cole of California advocating it, and the employment of colored soldiers for strengthening the national arm to crush the rebellion.——*February* 19. Mr. Blow introduced a bill providing for the occupation of abandoned plantations in the rebellious States, and taking care of the freedmen: referred.—The joint resolution from the Senate providing for the transfer of seamen from the military to the naval service, was passed.—Ten thousand additional copies of General M'Clellan's report were ordered to be printed.—The bill for a Freedman's Bureau was further discussed. Mr. Kalbfleisch opposed it. He said that it would lead to a servitude worse than the evils which it seeks to destroy; it attempted an impossibility—the bringing up of negroes to participate in the rights enjoyed by white citizens, and attempting to raise them to an equality with these. Mr. Brooks, of New York, said that the subject had been caucussed and decided upon elsewhere, and no argument of his against the bill would avail; Massachusetts had become the leading power in the country, and her decrees would be likely to become law. The "higher law," which was not that of Magna Charta and of the Constitution, had been adopted by Massachusetts. Henceforth he would as far as possible withdraw the discussion of the Abolition question from the exciting questions of the day, and turn to other matters. His main anxiety was for the liberty of the white man. We must accept the abolition of slavery as an act accomplished, not only by the North but by the South. The Confederate Government had provided for putting arms into the hands not only of free blacks but of slaves; arming them was of necessity liberating them. The dominant party at the North will have armed the negroes. They were consistent in this, for they had changed the war into an Abolition war, and therefore the blacks should be called out. He implored them to make the war as short as possible. If it was not to be waged for the Union, let it be for the restoration of peace. Let it not be, for political purposes, protracted beyond the Presidential election. He would offer an amendment that this Freedman's bill be referred to a select committee with instructions to organize a system for the care and regulation of emancipated persons which would not be a burden upon the Treasury. The Speaker said that this amendment would be entertained at the proper time.—Mr. Stevens, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported adversely upon the resolution authorizing the sale of surplus gold in the Treasury.—The House having gone into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. White, of Ohio, made a speech against the war, declaring it to be wrong, and that it should be terminated as soon as possible. It had not been conducted for the Union and the Constitution, but solely for the abolition of slavery, and had been driven to fanaticism and revolution. Peace could never be restored by fighting and crushing the rebellion. It could not be done until the heart of the Puritan was placed in the breast of the Cavalier. A forced Union would be worse than that of Ireland with England, or Poland with Russia. The war was therefore a useless and criminal waste of blood and treasure.—Mr. Schenck, from the Committee of Conference on the Enrollment bill, made a report. After explaining it, as agreed upon by the Committee, he moved the previous question, which was seconded by 69 to 27, and the bill as agreed upon was passed, by 71 to 23; a large portion of the Democratic members not voting. The bill, having passed both Houses, and received the sanction of the President, has become a law. This law is essentially the same as the bill passed in the House, of which a full abstract was given in this paper last week, with the addition of a provision that colored troops "*while they shall be credited in the quotas of the several States or subdivisions of States wherein they are respectively drafted, enlisted, or shall volunteer, shall not be assigned as State troops, but shall be mustered into regiments or companies as 'United States Colored Volunteers.'*"—The House then adjourned to Tuesday, February 23.——*February* 23. Mr. Stevens brought up the report of the Committee of Conference on the Whisky Tax bill, and moved its acceptance. After considerable debate, the House refused to concur, by 86 to 57, and asked for a new Committee of Conference.—In Committee of the Whole, Mr. Blow concluded his speech in defense of the Administration. He said, that if the rebellion was to be crushed, it would be effected by the Abolition party, and the black race would be protected in their freedom. He prayed that we might have courage and ability to act so justly that the God of nations would not abandon us.—Mr. M'Dowell, of Indiana, charged the President and the Republican party with being fanatical hypocrites, and denounced the leading measures of the Administration. And now, he said, the dominant party had borrowed from Europe a conscription law to compel the people to carry on an Abolition war. He had no sympathy with the rebellion; but we must accompany the sword with the olive-branch, and build up a Union sentiment to protect the South when our armies have left it.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

No movements have been made this week of any importance except those of Gillmore in Florida and Sherman in Mississippi. The news of the escape of a large number of Union officers from the Libey prison at Richmond has been confirmed, and we give this week a detailed account of the escape, accompanied by an illustration.

General Meade has gone to the front and will probably conduct the next campaign, supported by the ablest subordinate officers of the army.

The situation in East Tennessee remains about the same. Longstreet has for a few days been at Morristown, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and speculations have been rife in regard to his future movements, his position leaving it in doubt whether he has committed himself to an offensive or defensive plan of operations. According to the latest reports he has broken up his quarters at Morristown and advanced to Strawberry Plains along the Holston River, still moving on the line of the Virginia Railroad. It appears that no direct attack is feared at Knoxville, as the Holston is so swollen by late freshets as to make the crossing impracticable. Johnston's army, so much of it as has not gone to reinforce Longstreet, is still in the vicinity of Dalton.

On the 18th of February the President issued a proclamation declaring that the blockade of Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, Texas, should so far cease that commercial intercourse with that port may be carried on subject to the usual restrictions in regard to contraband of war.

NEWS FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

Immediately after the occupation of Jackson Sherman pushed on in two columns against Meridan, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. This movement cut off Mobile from all railroad communication with the East. Advancing along the line of the railroad, he had reached Quitman, according to rebel papers, on the 19th, and was within one hundred miles of Mobile. In his advance he was tearing up the railroad and bridges in his rear. It may be that this was only an advance force of Sherman's expedition. According to the rebel journals this is the boldest movement of the war. The Union cavalry from Memphis, under Smith, confronted Forrest's force on the 9th of February, 6000 strong. In the mean time Farragut's fleet has passed eastward through the Sound in the direction of Grant's Pass.

On February 7 General Dick Taylor attacked our forces at Natchez, and was repulsed with considerable loss.

THE CAMPAIGN IN FLORIDA.

On the 9th of February Jacksonville had been taken by our forces, the advance force pushing forward beyond that place into the interior. In his official dispatch, dated at Baldwin, General Gillmore says:

"At our approach the enemy absconded, sunk the steamer *St. Marys*, and burned two hundred and seventy bales of cotton a few miles above Jacksonville.

"We have taken, without the loss of a man, about one hundred prisoners, eight pieces of artillery, in serviceable condition and well supplied with ammunition, and other valuable property to a large amount."

Since then our cavalry have penetrated to the heart of the enemy's country and engaged the rebels on the south Fork of the St. Mary's River and at Lake City with successful results. Over one and a half million dollars' worth of property has been destroyed by our forces. The evacuation of Lake City by the rebels is a virtual abandonment of the eastern portion of Florida. An important document was found by our forces, indicating that beef and bacon were entirely exhausted in the South. General Gillmore returned to Port Royal on the 10th.

LOSS OF THE "BOHEMIAN."

The steamship *Bohemian*, running from Liverpool to Portland, struck on Alden's Rock, four miles out from Cape Elisabeth, on the evening of the 22d. She sunk in an hour and a half, with all her mails except three, and a cargo estimated at a million of dollars. The *Bohemian* was a propeller of 2200 tons burden. She had on board 218 passengers, of which 18, mostly steerage passengers, are reported lost. This is the eighth steamship lost by the Montreal Steamship Company since 1857, and the twenty-fourth which has been lost at sea since the commencement of communication with Europe by steam.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

Hostilities between the German and Danish troops were commenced on the 2d of February. Two days previously Marshal Wrangle summoned General de Meza to evacuate Schleswig. General de Meza refused, and the next day (the 1st) the Austro-Prussian army crossed the Eider, entering Schleswig through Rendsburg, having first taken the Kronenwerke, which was evacuated by the Danes. Marshal Wrangle issued a proclamation to the people of Schleswig, stating that he had come to protect their rights, and that the civil Commissioners of Austria and Prussia would assume the administration of the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein. The Prussian corps marched in a northeasterly direction toward Eckernford, whereupon the first division of the Danish army took up a position on the Schlei, occupying the fortifications near Missunde. It was here that the first battle of the war took place on the 2d of February. The Prussians, having turned the eastern rampart of the Dannewerke, were led by Prince Frederick Charles against the strong works in front of Missunde, with which town they are connected by a *tete du pont*. A severe engagement followed, in which the assailants, 9000 strong, were twice repulsed by a force of about 2000 Danes. Seventy-four guns were used in the attack, which commenced at 10 A.M., and lasted until 4 P.M. The Danish loss was between 150 and 200, that of the Prussians from 250 to 300 men. Meanwhile the Austrians marched toward the town of Schleswig, on the west side of the Schlei, and on the 3d attacked Bustrup, which is situated a mile south of Schleswig, and just in front of the Dannewerke. The latest dispatches from London up to the time of our going to press do not indicate what was the result of this engagement, although they report as authentic information the evacuation of Schleswig and the abandonment of the Dannewerke by the Danes and their retreat upon Flensburg, closely pursued by the Germans. Fighting was still going on, and the wounded on the German side, together with Danish prisoners, were being brought in great numbers into Rendsburg on the Eider.

What the attitude of the other Great Powers will be in relation to this war is yet to be determined. The British Parliament opened on the 4th, two days after the actual commencement of hostilities, yet the Queen's speech expressed simply anxiety and a strong desire for peace; it declared that peace was one of the objects aimed at in the treaty of 1852; that Her Majesty has been unremitting in her endeavors to avert the dangers which might follow from a war in the north of Europe; and that she will continue her efforts in the interest of peace.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

Since the commencement of the war over eight thousand applications for pensions have been made. Of these nearly half have been from widows and orphans, and the rest from disabled soldiers.

A traveling office wagon for the Adjutant-General's Department of the Cumberland has just been completed at the Government shops in Washington. It is a new invention, and accommodates seven clerks and a driver, is drawn by four horses, and can be taken apart and put together in five minutes. A similar one will be shortly completed for General Pleasanton, Army of the Potomac.

Brigadier-General R. B. Mitchell has been relieved from duty as President of General Court-Martial, and ordered West.

Captain Wilson, the Chief Quarter-master of the Army of the Potomac, has been promoted to a Lieutenant-Coloneley in the regular army.

The Secretary of War has directed that no volunteer shall be rejected on account of height, who is at least five feet.

The steamer *Alabama*, on the 5th of January, was fifty miles south of Rangoon, on the Aracan coast, watching the rice ports. Her position was also threatening to American vessels at Calcutta.

General Meade recently had a conference with the President relative to reorganizing the Army of the Potomac.

Over 12,000 negroes have already enlisted in Tennessee. Enlistments in the middle district average 500 per week.

It said that an army of seventy-five thousand negroes will be ready for the spring campaign in the southwest.

Ten million of dollars, in one and two year five per cent. legal tenders, have been sent to pay the Army of the Cumberland.

Major-General Q. A. Gillmore and staff sailed from Port Royal on Sunday morning, 7th inst, in the transport *Cosmopolitan* to Florida, and returned on the 16th.

Colonel Andrew of the Third Minnesota Regiment, at Little Rock, has been appointed a Brigadier-General. His regiment has re-enlisted.

Admiral Dahlgren has changed his flag-ship from the *Philadelphia* to the *Pawnee*, and sailed for St. Johns, Florida. Three vessels of war have sailed for Jacksonville, viz.: flag-ship *Pawnee*, *Water Witch*, and *Wachusett*.

It is approximated that two thousand refugees and deserters have come within the lines of General Kelley's Department since the 18th of January, 1864.

The gun-boat *De Soto* has thus far proved herself the most successful of all the vessels on the Atlantic blockade. She has captured seventeen blockade runners, whose aggregate value is near $1,200,000.

General Scammon and staff have arrived in Richmond, and are confined in Libey prison.

Our forces around Newbern, North Carolina, are making successful raids in that country, capturing guerrillas, tobacco, horses, mules, cotton, and other materials belonging to the rebels.

The Newbern (North Carolina) *Times* announces that several thousand Union prisoners were sent from Richmond to Georgia a few days since.

General Burnside arrived at Portland, Maine, a few days since, and was escorted through the city by a battalion of troops from Camp Berry.

When "Scott's 900," now under marching orders, leave Washington, no troops will remain in the Capital but the Invalid Corps, who are doing almost all the messenger and detail duty.

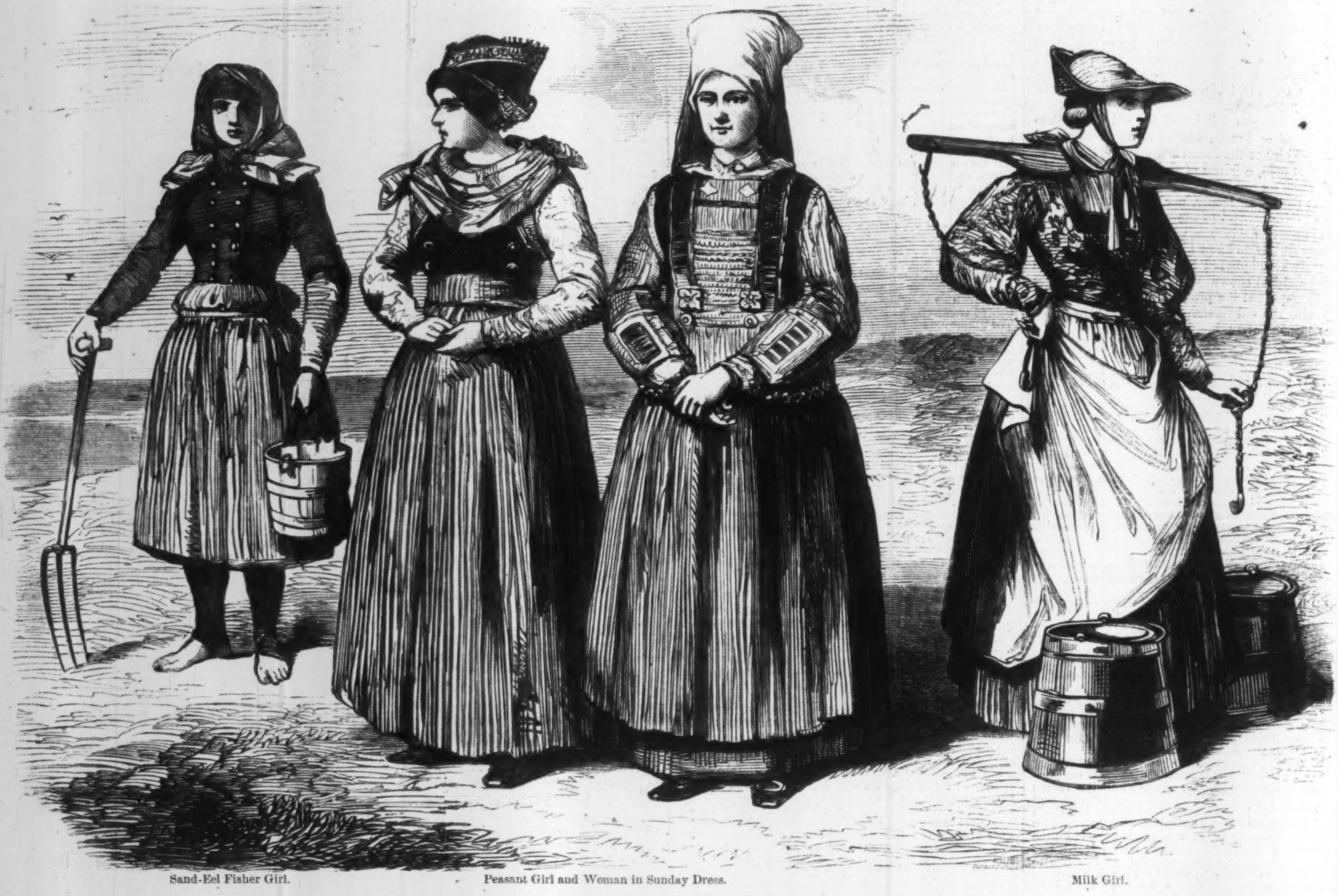
The privateer *Tuscaloosa* has been seized at Simon's Bay, near Cape Town, by British authorities, in violation of the neutrality laws, in landing part of a captured cargo on the coast, and on the grounds that she is a United States vessel illegally seized by the pirate Semmes.

It is reported that Brigadier-General Crozer, of Iowa, died at Jackson, Mississippi, from wounds received in a skirmish with the rebels in the advance of General Sherman's army.

The paymasters will shortly leave *en masse* for the Army of the Potomac. Eight millions of dollars have been appropriated to pay the troops of this Department.

Major Malone, Paymaster in the United States Army, was robbed, in Washington, recently of $10,000, which he had drawn from the Treasury for the purpose of carrying to the front, in order to pay certain regiments there.

General Rosecrans is busy systematizing the military organization of Missouri, and is about to make a complete tour of the State for that purpose.



Sand-Eel Fisher Girl. Peasant Girl and Woman in Sunday Dress. Milk Girl.

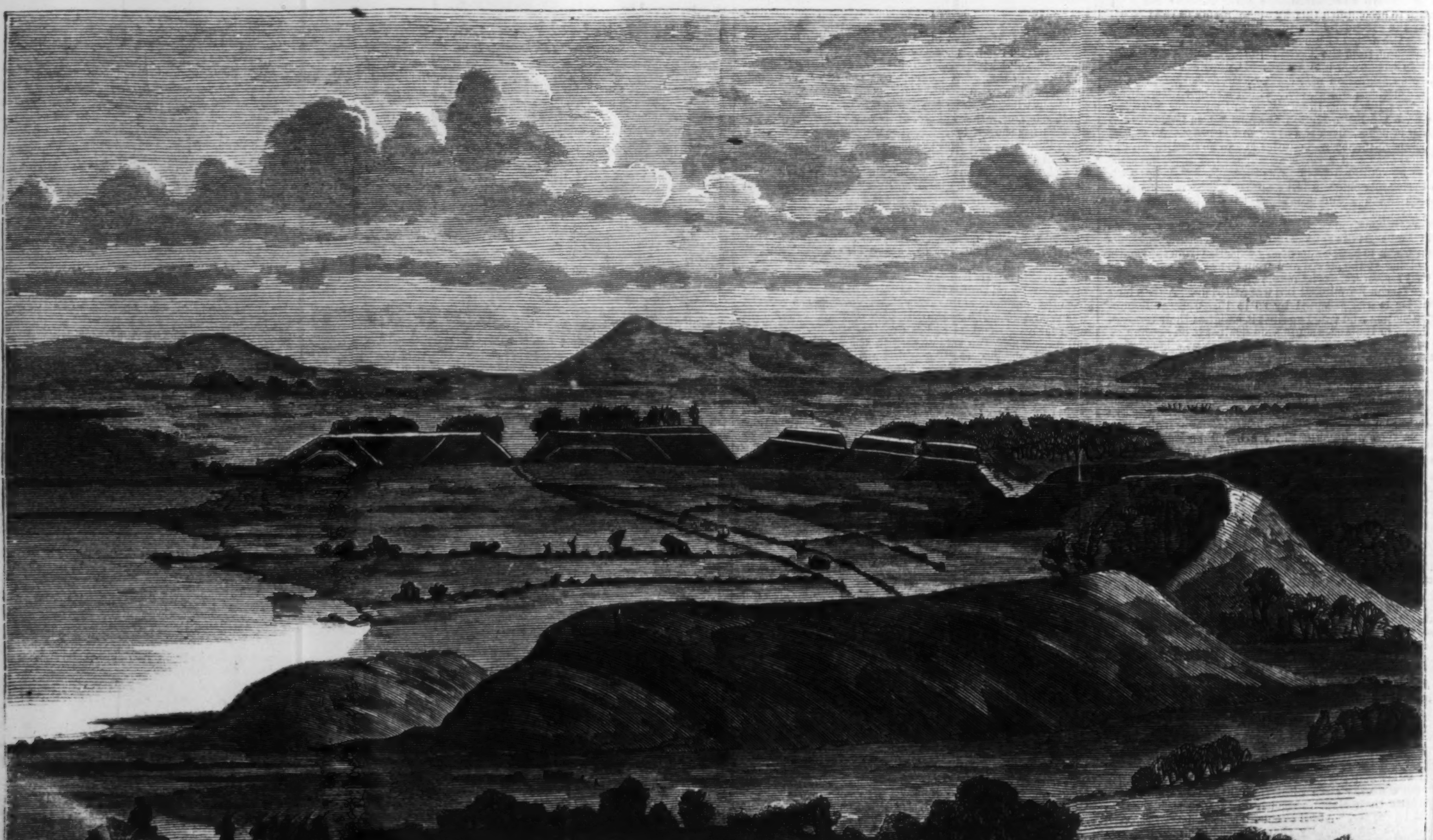
SCHLESWIG COSTUMES.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

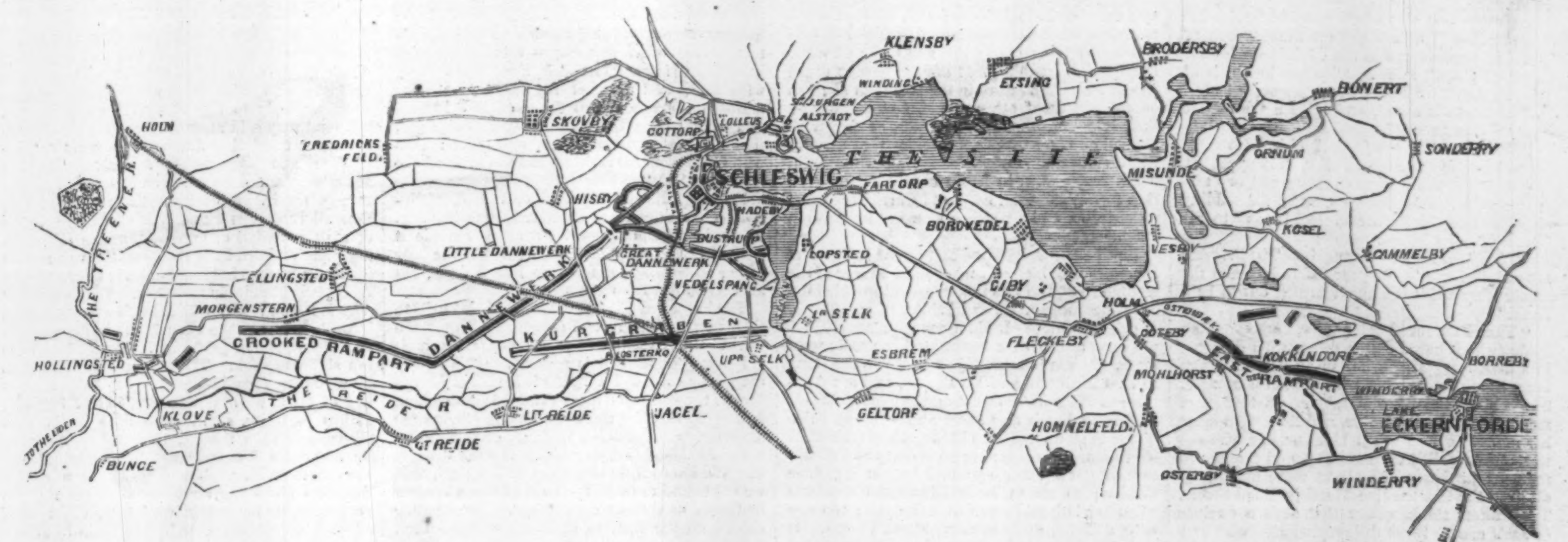
Denmark, with a population, exclusive of the Duchies, of 1,600,000, has ventured into war against Germany, with 45,000,000, to which may be added, in the event of a general war, 29,000,000, the population of the non-German portions of Austria and Prussia. The Danish army, on a peace footing, is 23,000 men; but during the former Schleswig war there were 70,000 men in the field, which is probably the utmost possible force of the kingdom. The standing armies of Austria, Prussia, and the Confederation number something more than 1,500,000, and can be increased by quite another million. We can hardly suppose that Denmark would have ventured into so unequal a contest without positive assurances of support from the Great Powers.

On page 149 we give a Map showing the strong lines of fortification called the *Dannewerk*, or "Danish Work," which defend the frontier of Schleswig. They form, as a whole, a long line of earth-works, strengthened at various points by elaborate defenses. On the right is the "East Rampart," two miles long; on the left the "Crooked Rampart;" in the centre the complicated system of defenses called the "Great Dannewerk," fourteen miles long. These works, with the lake formed by an expansion of the River Schlei, form two sides of a triangle, half way across the base of which is the *Kurgraben*, or "Elector's Ditch," four miles long. There are fourteen distinct forts strengthening various portions of the Dannewerk. The great Semicircular Rampart at Bustrup, a view of which is given below, is one of the principal of these. So admirably is this great triangle—the sides of which must measure nearly forty miles—arranged by nature and art, that the best military authorities consider that a force of 40,000 could hold it against one of 100,000. The great strength of the Dannewerk, however, consists in its flooding apparatus. Indeed the work was constructed more than a thousand years ago as a dyke to protect the low lands in front of it from overflow, and it is only within comparatively modern times that this dyke, or series of dykes, has been turned to military purposes. By opening certain sluices nine-tenths of the lowland region in front of the works, as large as one of our counties, can be laid under water in a few hours; and an invading army must march along the remaining tenth right up to the very strongest parts of the defensive works. The Map also shows the scene of the recent engagements, an account of which will be found in the news column of this paper.

Above are some representations of the national costumes of the female peasants of Schleswig. The Fisher Girl comes from one of the small groups of islands which line the coast, and are peopled by a most primitive race, of pure Danish descent. To appreciate the Sunday dress of the Peasant Woman, we must suppose it of the brightest hues, and that the ornaments which decorate it are of solid silver and gold, and are so costly that they descend as heir-looms from generation to generation. The Peasant Girl comes from one of the islands, and belongs to a lower class, and her dress is of stout woolen, which she has probably spun and woven herself; and the lace which trims her odd-shaped cap has been worked by her in the evening while she was awaiting the return of the family fishing-boat. The Milk Girl is very likely selling the produce of her dairy in the streets of the capital.



THE DANNEWERK.—SEMICIRCULAR RAMPART NEAR BUSTRUP.



MAP OF THE SCENE OF HOSTILITIES IN SCHLESWIG, SHOWING THE DEFENSIVE WORKS OF THE DANES.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BOOK I.—CHILDHOOD

CHAPTER I.

SEULE AU MONDE.

THIS is Hyde Park at the most brilliant moment in the afternoon, at the most brilliant period in the season. What a city of magnificence, of luxury, of pleasure, of pomp, and of pride this London seems to be! Can there be any poor or miserable people—any dingy grubs among these gaudy butterflies? What are the famed Elysian fields of Paris to Hyde Park at this high tide of splendor? what the cavalcade of the Bois de Boulogne, or the promenade of Longchamps, to the long stream of equipages noiselessly rolling along the bank of the Serpentine? Every body in London who is worth naming is being carried along on wheels, or bestrides pig-skin girthed o'er hundred-guinea horse-flesh, or struts in varnished boots, or trips in soft, sandaled prunella, or white satin with high heels. There is Royal Blood in a mail phaeton. Royal blood smokes a large cigar, and handles its ribbons scientifically. There is a Duke in the dumps, and behind him is the Right Reverend Father in a silk apron and a shovel hat, who made that fierce verbal assault upon his Grace in the House of Lords last night. There is the crack advocate of the day, the successful defender of the young lady who was accused of poisoning her mamma with nux vomica in her negus; and there is the young lady herself encompassed with a nimbus of crinoline, lolling back in a miniature brougham with a gentleman old enough to be her grandfather, in a high stock, and a wig dyed deep indigo. Is that Anonyma driving the twin ponies in a low phaeton, in a paletot and navy buttons made by Poole, a pork-pie hat with a pheasant's plume, a parasol attached to her whip, and a groom with folded arms behind her! Bah! there are so many Anonymas nowadays. If it isn't the Nameless one herself, it is Synonyma. Do you see that stout gentleman with the coal-black beard and the tarnished fez cap? That is the Syrian embassador. The liver-colored man in the dingy white turban, the draggle-tailed blue burnouse, the cotton stockings, and the alpaca umbrella, is the Maronite envoy. The nobleman who is driving that four-in-hand, and is got up to such a perfection of imitation of the manners and costume of a stage-coachman, has a rental of a hundred and thirty thousand a year. He passes his time mostly among hostlers, engine-drivers, and firemen. He swears, smokes a cutty pipe, and of his two intimate friends, one is a rough rider and the other a rat-catcher. Mr. Benazi, the great Hebrew Financier, you *must* know: yonder cadaverous, dolorous-looking figure in shabby clothes, huddled up in a corner of the snuff-colored chariot, drawn by the spare-ribbed horses that look as though they had never enough to eat. He is Baron Benazi, in the Grand Duchy of Sachs-Pfeifigen, where he lent the Grand Duke money to get the crown jewels out of pawn. That loan was the making of Ben. There is nothing remarkable about him save his nose, which stands out, a hooked promontory, like the prow of a Roman galley, from among the shadows cast by the squabs of the snuff-colored chariot. That nose is a power in the state. That nose represents millions. When Baron Benazi's nose shows signs of flexibility monarchs may breathe again, for loans can be negotiated. But when the Benazian proboscis looks stern and rigid, and its owner rubs it with irritable finger, it is a sadly ominous sign of something being rotten in the state of Sachs-Pfeifigen, and of other empires and monarchies which I will not stay to name.

What else? Every thing. Whom else? Every body. Dandies and swells, smooth-cheeked and heavy-mustached, twiddling their heavy guard chains, caressing their fawn-colored *favoris*, clanking their spurred heels, screwing their eye-glasses into the creases of their optic muscles, hawhawing vacuous commonplaces to one another, or leaning over the rails to stare at all, to gravely wag the head to some, to nod superciliously to others, and to grin familiarly to a select few. Poor little snobs and government clerks aping the Grand Manner, and succeeding only in looking silly: not in looking swells. Any number of quiet, sensible folks surveying the humors of the scene with much amusement, and without envy. Disreputable women, who are known to be such, by scores. Disreputable women, not yet found out, by hundreds. Foreigners who, after a five-years' residence in London, may have discovered that Leicester Square, the Haymarket, and the lower part of Regent Street, are not the only promenades in London, and so come swaggering and jabbering here, in their braid and their pomatum and their dirt, poisoning the air with the fumes of bad tobacco. An outer fringe of nurse-maids revolving new projects of crinoline, to be constructed chiefly of cane, in emulation of the prodigies in whalebone and watch-spring, here sweeping the gravel—then some soldiers listlessly sucking the knobs of their canes, and looking very much as if they considered themselves as flies in amber, neither rich nor rare, and wondering how the deuce they got there. As useless as chimneys in summer, seemingly, are these poor, strong men done up in scarlet blanketing, with three half-pence a day spending-money, and nobody to kill, and severely punished by illogical magistrates if they take to jumping upon policemen, or breaking civilian's heads with the buckles of their belts, through their weariness. Aggravated assaults, says the magistrate, as he signs their mittimus, are not to be tolerated. Why what is it but a soldier's bounden duty to keep on committing a series of aggravated assaults upon people who never did him any harm? Did Jacques Bonhomme, the French conscript, whom Solomon Lobb, the grenadier, bayoneted at Waterloo, ever do him wrong? Did Ivan Ivanovitch, the Russian, whom he hewed down at Inkermann, ever spoil his goods? Why should soldiers be fined or sent to the tread-mill for exhibiting in peace that unprovoked brutality and ferocity for which they are hired, and clothed, and fed?

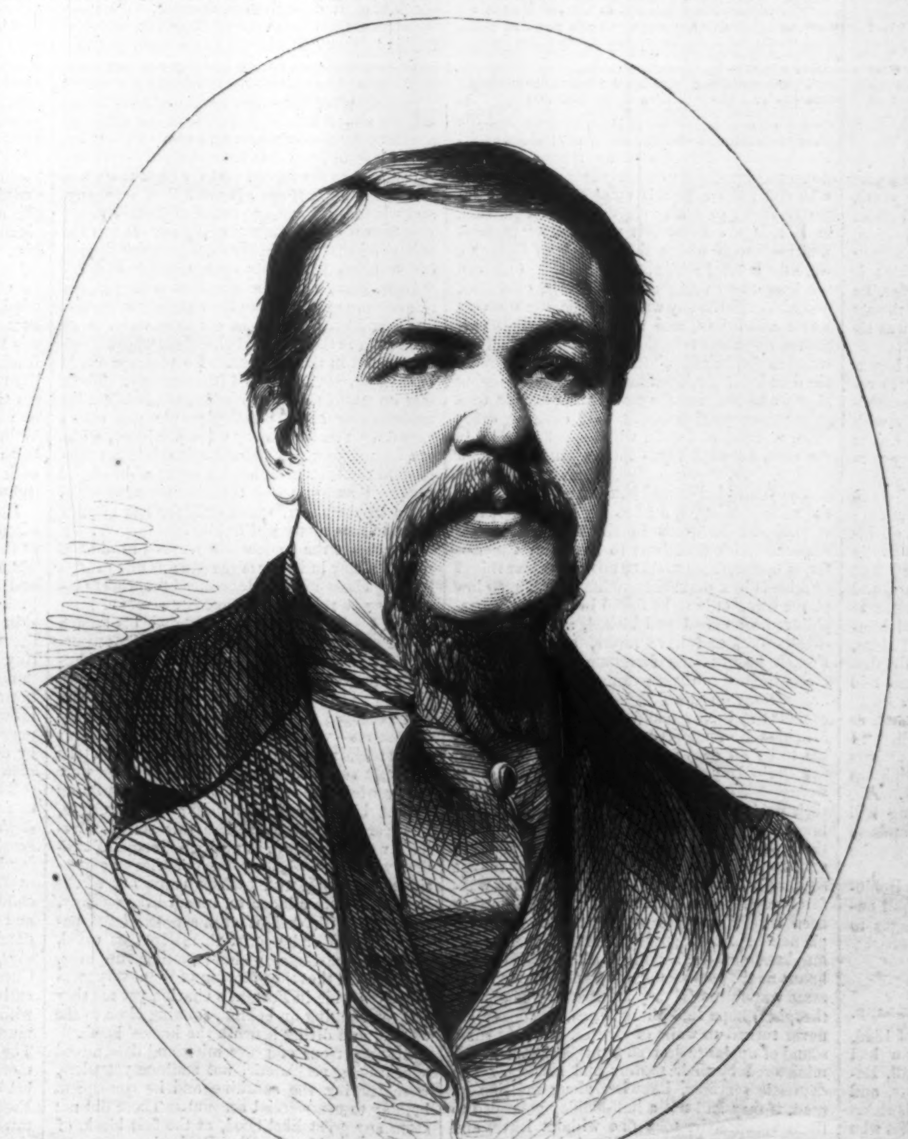
Any thing else in Hyde Park at this high tide of the season? Much: only a score of pages would be required to describe the scene. All is here—the prologue, the drama, the epilogue; for here is Life. Life from the highest to the very lowest rung of the ladder: not only in earliest youth and extreme old age, in comely virtue and ruddled vice, in wisdom and folly, complacency and discontent; but—look yonder, far beyond the outer fringe in utter want and misery. There, under the trees, the ragged woman opens her bundle, and distributes among her callous brood the foul scraps she has begged at area gates or picked from gutters. There, on the sunny sward the shoeless tramp sprawls on his brawny back, and flaunts his flesh, grinning in impudent muscularity from the windows of his tatters in the very face of well-dressed Respectability passing shuddering by; and the whole "huge, foolish whirligig where kings and beggars, angels and demons, and stars and street-sweepings chaotically whirl," the Spirit of Earth surveys and plies his eternal task. Where is my copy of Faustus? There: I can not read the German. Here is Monsieur Henri Blaze's French interpretation of the mystic utterances of the Esprit da la Terre, "Dans les flots de la vie, dans l'orage de l'action, je monte et descends, flotte ici et là: naissance, tombeau mer éternelle, tissu changeant, vie ardente: c'est ainsi je travaille sur le bruyant métier du temps, et tisse le manteau vivant de la Divinité." Sufficiently weak, limp, and wishy-washy is this French Faustus of Monsieur Henri Blaze, I wot. It savors of absinthe, and an estaminet where they charge nothing for stationery. Turn I now to another and immeasurably greater translator:

In Being's flood, in Action's storm
I walk and work, above beneath
Work and weave in endless motion:
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;
A seizing and giving
The fire of living
'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply
And weave for God the garment thou seest him
by.

"Of twenty millions," asks the author of Sartor Resartus, "that have read and spouted this thunder-speech of the Erdgeist, are there yet twenty of us that have learned the meaning thereof?" But, Sage, is not the Spirit of Earth the Spirit of Nature? Is not Life the warp and Humanity the woof over which, spread on the "Roaring Loom of Time," the shuttle of production is always plying? And what is Nature: a field, a flower, a shell, a sea-weed, a bird's feather, but the woven garment that we see God by?

When Humanity begins to fade out of Hyde Park, and goes home to dinner, or to brood by the ingle nook, dinnerless, or betakes itself to other holes and corners where it may languish, panting, until bread or death come; when only a few idlers are to be met with in the Ring, or Rotten Row, or on the Knightsbridge Road, you sometimes see a solitary horsewoman. She is QUITE ALONE. No groom follows: no passing dandy ventures to bow, much less to accost, or condescends to grin as she passes. A spare slight little woman enough, not in her first youth—not in her second yet; but, just entre chien et loup, between the lights of beauty at blind man's holiday-time, she might be Venus. She wears a very plain cloth habit, and a man's hat. I mean the chimney-pot. She has a veil often drawn down. Great masses of brown hair are neatly natted under her hat. She rides easily, quietly, undemonstratively. If her habit blows aside you may see a neat boot and faultless ankle, wreathed in white drapery, but no sign of the cloth and chamois leather riding-trowser affectation. She carries a light switch with an ivory handle, which she never uses. That tall, lustrous black mare never came out of a livery-stable you may be sure. She pats and pets, and makes much of her, and very placidly she paces beneath her light weight. The groom keeps his distance; she is always alone: quite alone.

"Who the doose is that woman on the



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, AUTHOR OF "QUITE ALONE."—[SEE PAGE 151.]

black mare one sees when every body else has left the Row?" asks Fainéant number one of Fainéant number two at the Club.

"Sure I don't know. Seen her hundreds of times. Ask Tom Fibbs, he knows every body."

Tom Fibbs is asked, and takes a "sensation header" at a guess.

"That's the Princess Ogurzi, who was knouted at the office of the Secret Police, in the year '56, by Count Orloff's private secretary and two sergeants of the Innailoffsky guards, for sending soundings of the harbor of Helsingfors to Sir Charles Napier."

"Won't do, Fibbs. Try again. The Princess Ogurzi died at Spa the year before last, and the whole story about the knout turned out to be a hoax."

"Then I am sure I don't know," answers Tom Fibbs (who is never disconcerted when detected in a fiction); "I give her up in despair. I've been trying to find out who she is for months. She is always alone, quite alone. A brougham meets her at Apsley House, and the groom takes her mare away. I asked him one day who she was, and he called me Paul Pry, and threatened to knock me down. She dines, sometimes, quite alone at the Castlemaine Hotel in Bond Street. The waiters think, either that she's a duchess or she's mad. She's the only woman who ever dined alone in the coffee-room at the Castlemaine, but nobody dares to be rude to her. I've seen her at the Star and Garter at Richmond, at Greenwich, at Brighton, at Ventnor, and in Paris, always quite alone. She's an enigma. She's a Sphinx."

"Is she paw-paw? Demi monde?" thus, one Insolent.

"Nobody knows. Nobody ever presumes to speak to her, and she never was seen to speak to any body save her groom and the waiters. She goes to the Opera, to the theatres, to the Exhibition, always quite alone. Upon my word I think that woman would turn up at a prize-fight: alone. I've seen her myself at Ascot."

As Tom Fibbs said this a very tall angular well-dressed gentleman, with grizzled hair, and close upon fifty years of age, who had been sitting in an arm-chair close by, hastily flung down the copy of the *Globe* he was glancing over, darting a by no means complimentary look at Mr. Fibbs, and strode out of the room.

"I think Billy Long must know the Mysterious Stranger," languidly remarked Fainéant number one as the door closed. "He knows all sorts of monstrous queer people, and he didn't half seem to like what Fibbs said."

"Very likely. He's a doosed cranky fellow."

"Very rich, isn't he?"

"Disgustingly so. What he wants in Parliament with twenty thousand a year I can't make out. He never speaks, and passes most of his time in the smoking-room."

"Twenty thousand. That's a tremendous screw for a Catholic baronet."

"Yes: but he was as poor as Job till his father died. Painted pictures, or went on the stage, or turned billiard marker, or did something low for a living, I'm told; but he's all right now."

As Thomas Fibbs, Esq., member of the Committee of the United Fogies Club, of the Turnpike Ticket Commutation Commission (salary £1500 per annum, hours of business 3 to ½ past 3 P.M., 3 times a week, 3 months in the year), was selecting his umbrella from the stand about twenty minutes subsequent to this conversation, preparatory to looking in at the Burke and Hare Club, to which he also belongs, and which is younger and more convivial than the Fogies, he found Sir William Long, Bart., M.P., in the act of lighting one of those cigars which he was almost continually smoking.

"Might I trouble Mr. Fibbs," said the baronet, in a slow and rather hesitating tone, "to refrain, in promiscuous conversation, from hazarding conjectures as to the identity of a lady with whom I am acquainted, and who, I can assure him, is a most respectable and exemplary person?"

"Certainly—oh, certainly, Sir William," stammered Fibbs. "I meant no offense. I'm sure I didn't." And so saying he buttoned up his overcoat, and trotted down the steps of the Fogies considerably flurried. Sir William Long had been a member of the club for five years, and this was the first time he had ever spoken to Fibbs. That worthy, however, recovered himself by the time he reached the Burke and Hare, and hinted as mysteriously as mendaciously, that "Billy Long"—he called him Billy—had told him all about the Sphinx of Rotten Row.

"No offense," murmured the tall baronet, as puffing his cigar he strode down Pall Mall. "I dare say you didn't mean any. Mischief-makers never do, and burn down the temple at Ephesus with the best intentions in the world. Ah, Lily!" he continued, bitterly, "how long will you give all these idle tongues some grounds to tattle? How long will you persist in being quite alone?"

Still quite alone. Who was this female Robinson Crusoe? 'Tis a question which I shall endeavor in the course of the ensuing pages to solve.

CHAPTER II.

BETWEEN HAMMERSMITH AND CHISWICK-LANE.

One bright afternoon, in the summer of 1836, the whole fashionable world of London had chosen to abandon Hyde Park, Pall Mall, Regent Street, and its other habitual resorts, and to betake itself to the flower-show at Chiswick.

Probably about one per cent. of the ladies who thus patronized the exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society cared one doit about the products collected in the conservatories and the tents. The Botanical Revival (which owes so much to Puseyism and the Tracts for the Times) was then but in its infancy; and, besides, a life passed in the contemplation of artificial flowers is not very favorable to the study of real ones. People went to this great annual garden crush less to look at the roses in the pots than at those on the cheeks of other people, and fuschias on their branches were at a discount, as objects of attraction, compared with fuschias that grew in white satin bonnets. Yes, ladies, white satin bonnets were worn in 1836; and for dresses even that sheeny material had not incurred the cruel proscription under which it seems to languish in 1863.

But if one in a hundred among the ladies were floriculturally inclined, what shall be said of the gentlemen? Did one in a thousand trouble himself concerning roses, or fuschias, or geraniums, or pelargoniums? It did not much matter. People went to Chiswick because other people went there. It was the thing, just as it was the thing to hear Malibran and De Begnis, and see Anatole; to waltz at Almack's, and gamble at Crockford's; to laugh at Liston, and weep at Ellen Tree; to sit under Satan Montgomery (the other charlatan, Irving, having gone crazy and died); to have one's portrait painted by jour à gauche Chalon; to go to Lady Blessington's soirees when her ladyship chose to invite you; to dress after d'Orsay, and run crazy about Vestris. It was the thing, and a very nice, amusing, and fashionable thing, too.

So all the jobbed horses in London were spruced up, and curry-combed, and polished; and all the footmen underwent dry cascades through the medium of the flour-dredger; and all the grandees in Grandeedom stepped into their carriages, and were wafted rapidly to Chiswick. What pails of water had been dashed over plated axles in hay and clover smelling mews behind the mansions of the great! What spun-glass or floss-silk wigs had been smoothed over the crania of ruddy double-chinned coachmen! What fashionable milliners had sat up all night to complete the radiant flower-show toilets: the subordinates wearily wishing for morning to come and the dolorous task to be got through; the principals uttering devout aspirations that their bills might be paid at the end of the season. If poor Mademoiselle Ruche, of Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, did *not* obtain a settlement of her small account (£904 3*s.* 6*d.*) from the Marchioness of Cœurdesart, when the season and the session were over, and *did* in consequence go bankrupt; if the flower-show was to unhappy Miss Pincothek, the "first hand," the seed-time for the harvest which death reaped the next spring; or if the night before Chiswick was to Jane Thumb, the apprentice girl, the last straw that broke the consumptive camel's back—what were such little mischances in comparison with the immense benefit which of course accrues to the community at large from all fashionable gatherings? That the few must suffer for the benefit of the many is an axiom admitted in the conduct of all human affairs. According to the rules of fashionable polity, the many must suffer for the benefit of the few.

There could not have been a more magnificent day for the holding of a patrician festival. It had rained the preceding year, and snowed the year before that; but the show of 1836 was favored by the elements in an almost unprecedented degree. Although the gracious Lady who now rules over this empire was then but a pretty young princess "finishing" her education at Kensington Palace, it was really "Queen's weather" with which the visitors to Chiswick were for a brief afternoon endowed. One can not have every thing one's own way, of course, and although the sky was very blue, the sun very warm and bright, and the summer breeze very gentle, there was rebellion underfoot; and if the worm in the dust didn't turn when trodden upon, the dust itself did, even to rising up and eddying about, and covering the garments of fashion with pulverulent particles, and half choking every man, woman, and child who happened to be in the open between Hyde Park Corner and Kew Bridge.

The young ladies and gentlemen belonging to the various colleges, academies, seminaries, and educational institutes in the high-road from Hammersmith Broadway to Turnham Green—for, of course, there could be no such vulgar things as schools in a main thoroughfare, and such low places being only to be found in by-lanes, where children are cuffed and kicked, and don't learn calisthenics, and have fevers, and don't have French lessons—the fortunate little boys and girls attached to these gymnasia had of course a half-holiday on the flower-show afternoon, just as their tiny brethren and sisters at Clapham and Mitcham are exempted from lessons and permitted to be all eyes for the passing cavalcade on the Derby Day. Their shiny, well-washed faces were visible over the copings of many brick walls; their unbloodshot eyes shone brighter than many brass plates whereon the academical degrees of their preceptors were engraved; their pleasant countenances were embowered in green foliage so delightfully as to make the speculative wayfarer ponder on the possibility of there having been any child-trees among the horticultural phenomena of the garden of Eden; their silver laughter, and the ringing clack of their chubby hands as they smote them in applause, made the same way-farers (if they happened to be philanthropists) hope that those argentine tones were never turned to wails of distress, nor that same sound of applause derived from cruel smacks administered by their pastors and masters. The domestic servants, likewise, along the line of road, if they had not a half-holiday conceded to them voluntarily, took one without leave, and appeared at many up-stairs windows in much beribboned caps, and with lips ceaselessly mobile, now in admiration, now in disparagement of the male and female fashionables whom the carriages bore by. Nor were their mistresses, young, old, and middle-aged, employed in a very different manner at the drawing-room and parlor casements, from which points of espial they indulged in criticisms identical in spirit, if not in language, with those of the upper regions, and bearing mainly on how beautiful the gentlemen looked, and what frights the women were. Although, thus much must be stated in mitigation: That while they animadverted on the bad make of the toilets, and the awkwardness or ugliness of the ladies, they did not withhold warm commendation from the quality of the garments themselves. Enthusiastic admiration for a moire antique is quite compatible with intense dislike of the lady inside it. It is one thing to like a dress, but another to like the wearer.

The lower orders were determined also to have their part in this great afternoon. All over the world, when sunshine is once given, the principal part of a festival is secured. This is why the Italians are so lazy. As it is almost always sunny, the sun-worshipers (and it is astonishing how many Ghebirs there are among Christians) are nearly always doing nothing, or celebrating Saint Somebody's festa, which is next door to it. We see so little of the sun in England, that we are bound to make the most of him whenever he favors us with an appearance. The trading classes on the road to Chiswick enjoyed their holidays according to the promptings of their several imaginations. One abandoned his shop to the care of an apprentice, and took a stroll toward the Packhorse, where he met other tradesmen similarly minded, and was perhaps, after many admiring comments on the carriages, the horses, the footmen, and the fashionables, induced to stroll back again, diverge from the main road, and take a boat at Hammersmith suspension-bridge for a quiet row up the river. Another (but he would be in a small way of business) gravely instructed the wife of his bosom to place a row of chairs outside his domicile, and there, enthroned with the partner of his joys and his olive branches by his side, would smoke his pipe and take his placid glass, exchanging the time of day and the news of the afternoon with neighbors similarly employed, and otherwise behaving in quite a patriarchal manner. A third had an eye to business: forthwith wafered up sanguine placards relative to tea and coffee and hot water always ready, or displayed in front of his establishment boards on trestles covered with fair white cloths, and creaking, if not groaning, beneath the weight of half-cut hams, fruit tarts, buns, and ginger-beer. For do what Fashion will to keep itself exclusive, and have the cream of things, the common people will *not* be banished from the festivals altogether. They will peep over the palings or through the chinks thereof; they will peep round the carriages and criticise the occupants; and what can Fashion itself do more? Often the common see the best of the fire-works; and the music of the brass bands, coming as it does from a distance, falls more sweetly on their ears than of those who are privileged to stand within the inner inclosure, and to be half-deafened by the blasting and the braying. The purest pleasures in life are the cheapest ones. Once the writer knew a gentleman of a lively and convivial turn, but whose circle of acquaintances was limited, and who was, besides, so chronic an invalid as to be almost permanently confined to the house. At the back there was another house, almost always full of company, and where balls, supper parties, and other merry meetings were continually going on. It was the valetudinarian philosopher's delight to sit sipping his sassafras tea at his open window and cry "Hear, hear," with due attention to the proprieties of time and place, to the eloquent speeches, and sometimes to join in choruses when songs were sung in the convivial chambers whose lights glimmered in the distance. No pleasure could be cheaper, yet he enjoyed it amazingly. There was no trouble about dressing, about being introduced, or about meeting people you didn't care for. You went away when you liked, without having to make perhaps a fraudulent assurance to the hostess of having spent a delightful evening; and you rose the next morning without a headache, or, worse still, the loss of your heart to that pretty girl in blue.

If some of the traders just glanced at did not make holiday in honor of the sun; if one crusty-looking cheesemonger denounced the whole proceedings as rubbish, and another secreted himself in his back parlor to brood over his speech at the next vestry, or Board of Guardians meeting; or if a third, the worst of all, shut himself up to grumble over his books and hard times, and nag his wife, and bully his children, and curse because the people outside were enjoying themselves—what were these but the little flaws and specks that must needs be found in the brightest social diamond! If every body were happy what good would there be in expatiating on the blessings of happiness? It is certain, however, that the grumblers this sunny afternoon were in a grave minority. Troops of children who did not belong to seminaries or educational institutes, and perhaps came out of the by-lanes before alluded to, invaded the footway, screamed with delight at the processional pageantry, and endangered themselves, as usual, under the carriages without getting run over. It is certain that the offspring of Want very rarely enjoy a ride in Fortune's chariot, yet are they forever hanging on behind, running close to the wheels, and diving beneath the horses' hoofs.

Many persons of grave mien and determined appearance, peripatetic, not stationary traders, were turning the sunshine and its consequent holiday to commercial account. There did not seem any great likelihood, at the first blush, of the Court Guide, the Blue Book, the peerage or the baronetage descending from their equipages to purchase lucifer matches or knitted babies' caps, or to partake of jam tarts, ginger-bread-nuts, or apples three a penny; and the numbers of speculations entered into toward that end on the footway must have appeared to the superficial as rash in conception and pregnant with disaster. But the peripatetic merchants knew perfectly well what they were about. There was somebody to buy every thing they had to sell, and they sold accordingly. Somebody was the great wandering fluctuating stream of poor people; and poor people are always buying something, and must perforce have ready money to pay for it. More remarkable was the fact that all the taverns and beer-shops on the line of road were full of guests—the men all smoking pipes and drinking beer, and the vast majority of the women holding babies in one hand and Abernethy biscuits in the other. Why was this? why is it now? why will it be, if augury can be hazarded, in ages to come? This flower-show was not a popular gathering. The tickets were ten shillings each. The people had nothing to do with it. They just took a good long stare—not of envy, be it understood, but of lazy and listless curiosity, at the fine folks in the carriages, and then trooped into the nearest public house for beer, tobacco, baby-nursing, and biscuit-munching. There is surely a dreary sameness about the amusements of the English people; and, for aught we know, the system adopted of rigorously excluding them from any thing that is to be seen, and fencing them off by barriers and reserved seats, just as though they were unclean animals, from every trumpery section of infinite space where something humanly considered grand is going on may have been carried a little too far. Gentility has robbed the poor play-goer of his best seats in the pit, and made them into stalls. The gallery even, once specially appropriated to the gods, has now its amphitheatre stalls. The accursed railway formula has penetrated every where. All is first, second, and third class, from refreshment-rooms to funerals; and it is a wonder no theologians started up to tell us there are gradations in heaven, and a paradise duly classified to meet the social requirements of all comers. And Dives, of course, roasts with first-class Wallsend or Silkstone in lieu of common coke.

Neither pit-stalls nor railway formula were thought much of, however, in the year '36, and the honest folk enjoying their outing, took their pipes and malt liquor, nursed their bantlings and ate their biscuits because there was nothing else for them to do, and without asking the reason why. The present age is always asking the reason why, and society has in its own bosom a sphinx ready to devour it if it can not answer the queries it has itself propounded. I cogitate, therefore I am; but at the end of my cogitations I find there is an end of Me, and that I am no more.

It was about five o'clock in the evening when the gardens at Chiswick were most thronged—when a Babel of pretty tongues echoed on malachite lawn and down gravel walk, that a gentleman's cabriolet of the period—a "cab," as it was very modestly named (at the risk of being confounded with the plebeian high-hung, saffron-hued vehicles with a seat for the driver at the side, journeying in one of which brought the immortal Mr. Pickwick to such signal grief at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross), passed swiftly by Turnham Green, and so to the gardens of the Horticultural Society. It was a faultless cab; exquisitely appointed, shining in its every part like a pair of Wellingtons fresh home from Runciman's. The tiger was a Liliputian phenomenon, with apparently three tightly-fitting natural skins: one of leather, bifurcated for his nethers, another of pepper and salt cloth for his coat, a third of jetty-black surmounted with brown streaks for his top boots. Portions of his epidermis they must have been; for although, if artificial, he might have got them on, it was beyond the range of human possibility that he could ever get them off. Stay, an additional article must be mentioned in regard to his buckskin gloves. With shining livery buttons, with a tight little belt round his tight little waist, and a hat bound with silver cord, this domestic was surely the tightest tiger that ever was seen.

He leaped down like an elfin groom as he was when the cab stopped, and in three bounds was at the head of the great brown champing horse. Then the apron was flung open with a clang, and a gentleman descended, and said, "Drive back to town!" Whereupon the nimble tiger skimmed, so to speak, in the airiest manner to the vacant place, gathered up the reins in his tiny buckskinned hand, gave the whip a gentle flourish about the plated harness of the brown horse, and departed at an agile trot. The brown horse knew how to trot. The entire equipage was, as several competent critics standing by declared, the neatest turn-out that had been seen that day at Chiswick.

The late occupant and, it is to be presumed, owner of this vehicle, having been duly brushed down by one of the red-jackets who had come specially from Pall Mall for the occasion, and having himself deigned to flick a silk handkerchief over his varnished boot-tips, and run a pocket-comb through his whiskers, presented his ticket and entered the gardens. He was a tremendous dandy. It was the age of dandies: of the D'Orsays, the Disraelis, the Waldegraves, and the Chesterfields. The Brummel type was not yet extinct. The heavy, languid, dragoon-like swell, with his loose clothes, looser slouch, and pendant mustaches, had not yet made his appearance. The only things loose about the dandy were his morals. The owner of the cabriolet was the brisk, alert, self-satisfied dandy of William the Fourth's time. The presence of a lady on the throne has put our modern exquisites out of countenance, and they are sheepish and shamefaced. This gentleman, however, knew perfectly well what he was about, and made the most of it. Nature had given him a good figure, and art had improved on it. The tailor, the shirtmaker, the bootmaker, the staymaker, the hairdresser, could do no more for him than they had done. They had exhausted their faculties in adorning him. Another lappel to the coat, another curl to the coiffure, another whiff of perfume about him, and the dandy would have been spoiled. As it was he was as perfect as a man could be with three under-waistcoats, a very high-shouldered, high-collared coat with velvet collar and cuffs, lavender pantaloons very tightly strapped over his boots, a hat with a turned-up brim, a voluminous shirt-frill with diamond studs down the breast, white kid gloves, and a gold-headed cane with a long silk tassel. Stay, the pocket-handkerchief with which he had flicked the dust from his chaussure was of crimson silk. From time to time he tapped the lid of an enameled snuff-box, and refreshed himself with a pinch of Maccoboy.

Dress makes up so much of the dandiacal entity that the description of this ineffable person's countenance has been temporarily overlooked. It was worth looking at, however. A dandy face, but not a monkeyfied, not a simpering one. His age seemed to be between thirty and forty; but it was evident that at no very remote period he had been an eminently handsome man. His teeth were beautiful. His hands and feet you could see (his gloves and boots notwithstanding) were Byronically small and symmetrical. He had a charming red and white complexion. His hair was black and glossy, and admirably adjusted. So, too, with his mathematically-cut whiskers and chin-tuft. Mustaches he had none. When he smiled he showed the beautiful teeth a good deal; when his glove was off he made a liberal display of the emerald and diamond rings on his dainty white hand. There was no finding any fault with the man's outward appearance; for albeit expensively dressed, and with a great gold chain meandering over his cut velvet waistcoat, and a double diamond pin in his cravat, he looked from head to foot a gentleman. It should finally be mentioned that there were two trifling drawbacks to his good looks. Across his left cheek, almost from the corner of the mouth to the eye, there ran a very deep scar, which when he talked turned white. His eyes, too, were very colorless and sunken, and there were brownish rings beneath them. But for these the dandy would have been an Adonis, and rivaled D'Orsay on his own ground.

He was evidently very well known. He stopped to speak to ladies belonging to the very élite. He was asked whether he had been to the duchess's ball; whether he was going to the marchioness's rout. His replies were affirmative. He was tapped on the arm with pretty parasols and scent-bottles, and scolded prettily for not having executed some commission, accepted some invitation, joined some fashionable junketing then or recently afoot. The dazzling teeth had work enough to do; the supple body was hinged and rehinged in urbane apology. Clearly our dandy was very popular among the sex. Nor did the men treat him with less favor. He was of every chattering group, of every sniggering conversation where wickedness was made a merry jest of, and reputations joked away. He went to and fro and up and down, and scanned prize flowers through his eye-glass with calmly-complacent criticism. He was charming.

There came up my Lord Carlton, a wild rake of the time, and deep player, with little Harry Jermyn, his admirer, crony, toady, on his arm.

"How do, Griffin?" was his lordship's salutation. "Monsous baw stopping here. Confounded military band blows roof of one's head off. Come away, Griffin, and have a hand at picquet at my rooms in town."

"I would with pleasure, viscount," the dandy addressed as Griffin answered, "but I've a little business to transact in this neighborhood before I return."

"Business!" echoed his lordship. "Business at a flower-show! Dooced queer place for business, Griffin. You haven't turned market-gardener, have you?"

"Il y a des fleurs animées," quoth little Mr. Jermyn. "All the Chiswick roses don't grow on bushes. Our friend may have a private bower somewhere close by."

"Not at all, not at all," smiled the dandy, lifting his hat for the hundredth time to a passing party of ladies. "You wrong me, I assure you. I am not en bonne fortune, upon my word."

"Then what are you going to stop here for when it's time to go back to town?" Lord Carlton pursued, elevating his eyebrows in pardonable amazement. "Going to look at a horse?"

"No, my lord."

"Going to dine at Richmond?"—his lordship said "Wichmond," but it would be both tedious and indecorous to give typographical expression to his defective linguals.

"Not at all. I lunched very late, just before coming down; and if I dine at all it will not be till night."

"Never mind, my boy; you'll get plenty of supper at Crocky's," here cut in Mr. Jermyn.

A slight cloud passed across the white forehead of the dandy, but he chased it away with an airy toss of the head.

"Of which club," he blandly retorted, "Mr. Jermyn is not, I believe, a member."

"Got nothing but black balls," his lordship added by way of confirmation, and with a loud chuckle. "Poor fellow! his proposer staid away, and his seconder came from Scotland on purpose to pill him. Stop, there was one white ball, and that was from a fellow who was short-sighted, and popped his pill into the wrong side."

"Mr. Jermyn will have, I trust, better luck next time," the dandy remarked, with a conciliatory bow to Jermyn. Had I not been in Paris—"

"At Frascati's," interposed his noble friend.

"In Paris," he continued, taking no notice of the interruption, "Mr. Jermyn might have reckoned on my humble support. I should have been delighted to find him one of us."

"Yes, I dare say you would," acquiesced Lord Carlton. "Harry's a very good fellow, and has got plenty of feathers ready to be plucked before he is fit to be made into a compote de pigeons. You'd have given him two white balls, I'm sure you would, Griffin."

"Oh yes, I'm sure you would," repeated Mr. Jermyn. The assurance was double-barreled—susceptible of two meanings. Mr. Henry Jermyn hated the dandy for belonging to a club to which he had himself failed to procure admittance, although he well knew that the honorary co-membership might prove in the long-run costly if not ruinous. Yet he would have jumped for joy had the exquisite addressed as Griffin offered to propose him.

"Never mind, Harry," his good-natured lordship observed. "Safe to get in next time. Can't keep you out. Besides," he added, turning to the dandy, "the fellows made a dooced mistake after all. They took Harry for big Jack Jermyn—you know, the racing man who was in the Eighth, and levanted after Newmarket the year before last. They thought it was all up with Jack, and didn't care about having a rook in the dove-cot. By Jove! if they knew that Harry was to have all his grandmother's money—how old is she, Harry?—he'd have been elected unanimously, and received with a salute of twenty-one guns."

"Mr. Crockford must have shed tears when informed of the sad truth," remarked the dandy, with sardonic politeness. "However, fortune will make amends. I hope to meet Mr. Jermyn as a fellow-member at supper in St. James's Street as soon after his grandmamma's decease as possible. By-by, viscount; Mr. Jermyn, I have the honor." And, with unmoved urbanity and a graduated scale of politeness, as though his leave-taking to the person next in rank might have been, "Fellow, get out of the way!" the dandy, lifting his hat for the hundred and tenth time that afternoon, strolled away.

"Monsous well-preserved man, Griffin Blunt," Lord Carlton said, looking with careless admiration after his retreating friend, "wears very well. Must be forty, if he's a day."

"He looks very queer about the eyes," Mr. Jermyn ventured to observe, in mild disparagement.

"Late hours," explained his lordship, who generally went to bed about four in the morning and rose about three in the afternoon. "Griffin is a shocking night-crow."

"What do they call him Griffin for, and who is he?"

"How amazingly raw you are!" exclaimed his lordship, elevating his eyebrows in some surprise. "Don't you know that Frank Blunt goes by the name of Griffin, because he used to wear a scaly green silk coat when he drove his curricle at the time of the Regency? Dooced queer time it must have been, too, and dooced queer fellows. Should have liked to belong to that set, only they drank so dooced hard."

"Has he got any money? How does he get his living?"

"How should I know? P'raps he's his grandmother's heir, if he hasn't sold the reversion. You'd better ask him. He's apt to turn crusty sometimes. He got that scar on his cheek in '15 in a duel with a French dragoon officer in Paris. Griffin Blunt was in garrison at Versailles, and came up to dine in the Palais Royal, and the dragoon picked a quarrel with him about the battle of Waterloo—they were always picking quarrels, those French fellows, at that time—and Griffin knocked him down; and then they fought with sabres in the Bois de Vincennes, and Griffin had his pretty face laid open; but, by Jove! he killed the dragoon."

"And what does he do now?"

"What a dooced lot of questions you ask, Harry. I'm not his godfathers and his godmothers. I believe he sold out after the peace, and went to India to grow indigo, or buy opium, or shake the pagoda-tree, or something of that sort. Well, he came back, and he's been on town these ten years; at least, I've known him ever since I came up from Oxford. He knows every body, and belongs to the very best set in town, and the women adore him, for he plays the harp, and the piano, and the guitar, and sings little French songs, and, I am told, can do Berlin wool and Poonah painting. Ha! ha!"

"Est il mauvais sujet?" Mr. Jermyn asked.

"I believe he's about as bad as bad can be," coolly replied Lord Carlton. "He's worse than I am, and that's saying a good deal. He takes more trouble. He beats for game alone, and likes his birds wild. That's a bore. I prefer a battue, and fellows to beat for me."

"And his money?"

"Don't know any thing about it. He lives high, and must spend two or three thousand a year. Charming little house, you know, in Curzon Street. He goes in for deep play, and bets, and so forth; but I'm sure I don't know whether he's worth twopence in the world or not."

"Is he married?"

"Married! By Jove! one would think you wanted me to say my catechism. What do I know about it? Griffin Blunt never said any thing about his being married, and there's nobody in Mayfair who owns to the name of Mrs. Blunt. Come along; I want some hock and soda-water, and then I'll take you back in my cask"—which was Lord Carlton's humorous designation for his cabriolet—"and we'll have some cards before dinner. Isn't there a game called cribbage? I should like to learn it. It must be a jolly game. I'm sick of all the French ones. I wish Griff 'd come, and we'd make it loo. He plays admirably."

Mr. Blunt was otherwise engaged. He was a squire of dames. Group after group of ladies took him up, and did not drop him after brief parley, as it is the elegant but rather embarrassing custom of the ladies of the great world to do. They were sorry to part with him, for it was agreed on all sides that Mr. Blunt was most amusing and agreeable. In feminine society he was not called Griffin Blunt. His sobriquet was known, but it was ascribed less to his dueling adventure than to his delightfully wicked character. Five or six-and-twenty years ago the Roué had not become in polite society the object of thorough terror, detestation, and contempt he now (of course) is. It was thought that, to be very dissolute, or, at least, to have a name for dissoluteness, was to be like the late Lord Byron; for many an assumed libertine brags of the vices he does not possess, as they said of Jean Jacques, and is fundamentally as innocent as M. Hendrik Conscience's Coq du village. There were some prudent mammas who looked upon Blunt as a dangerous man, and warned their daughters to beware of him; but then it was impossible to be very severe with a gentleman who went into the very best houses, who was undeniably accomplished, faultlessly dressed, exquisitely well-bred, and who could always procure a voucher for Almack's. Besides, Blunt had the rare art, or rather the rarer tact, of paying court before the world to old and middle-aged ladies. He never despised his dowagers; et elles lui en savaient gré, avec toute la réconnaissance de quarante cinq ans. He cast himself, morally, at their feet, and overwhelmed them with attentions, as though they were in all the bloom and freshness of youth. It was only when the world was not looking that Mr. Blunt occupied himself with young people; and it was on the staircase and in the conservatory that the sleek Griffin put forth his claws. "There are always young people growing up for one," he would say, in his airy manner; "but the dowagers who have places to give and money to leave pass away. Let us cultivate the dowager. If a man wants to get on in life, he can't do better than study the History of the Middle Ages." To which Moyen Age culture Mr. Blunt owed much of his success.

Thus, floating through the sunny crowd, went on the dandy, admired, caressed, envied by struggling parvenus, who would have given their ears for a nod or a half-civil word from half the people he was laughing and flirting with. When a man comes to propounding conundrums to duchesses, and promising to draw caricatures in the albums of embassadors, it is palpable that he must be bien posé in society. "My humble proficiency in the fine arts," Blunt would say, "is worth fifty dinners, a hundred balls, and a week in each of the best country houses a year to me. Of what use should I be in Dorset or Russell Square? What do they know about the fine arts beyond the 'Beauties of England and Wales,' the portrait of the late Princess Charlotte, and the view of the Temple of Concord in Hyde Park? To assiduous study in the Vatican Museum and the Pitti Gallery I owe my introduction to Plesiosaurus House. Her Grace's appui is invaluable. Je suis de Marly. I go to her water-parties at Kew. My little musical accomplishments would be worth an heiress or an Indian widow to me if I were—well, a marrying man. If I could only play the violoncello, I should be invited to his Royal Highness's Wednesdays. I must learn the violoncello at all hazards. Tell me where Dragonetti lives, and I will give him a guinea a lesson."

"You're an ambitious fellow, Griffin," would that shrewd novelist and newspaper writer, Whipstaff, to whom Blunt sometimes imparted these demi-confidences, remark. "You sail well before the wind, and in a short heat I'll back you to distance the best; but you've no ballast, my boy, and you'll founder. I suppose your estates are all in Ayrshire, or the Isle of Skye—nay, and that your balance in the Joint Stock Doggerbank is pretty well dipped into. Take my advice, and, if you haven't laid by for a rainy day, borrow somebody else's umbrella, and don't give it back again."

"You are an excellent moralist," thus Mr. Blunt, with a pleasant sneer. "Are you, too, ready for the wrath of Jupiter Pluvius?"

"Never mind," retorted Whipstaff, who was notoriously not worth a penny, and in dire difficulties. "Let me alone, and I shall turn up trumps yet. Every bird feathers his nest in a different manner. The wisest one, after all, is, perhaps, he who never troubles himself with making a nest of his own, but pops into somebody else's. There are still a few sinecures left, that confounded Reform Bill"—Whipstaff was a stanch Conservative—"notwithstanding. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and the old ravens of the Treasury Bench will provide for the barrister of seven years' standing." Such was the worldly wisdom of Mr. Whipstaff, who had eaten his terms some years before at his own expense, with the firm and fixed resolve of eating a great many more terms, some day or another, at the expense of the country.

Whipstaff was at the Flower-show, and remarked to several acquaintances that he never saw Griffin Blunt looking better. "However he manages it," he continued, "I can't imagine. Lucky fellow, he never does any work, whereas I can't mingle in fashionable society under a net loss of two guineas an hour. I wish he'd give me his recipe for living at the rate of two thousand a year upon nothing."

"Shakes his elbow," suggested purple-faced Captain Hanger, who hated Blunt.

"Perhaps," acquiesced Whipstaff, with a sigh, "and is lucky. With me that species of paralysis has always proved the costliest of diseases."

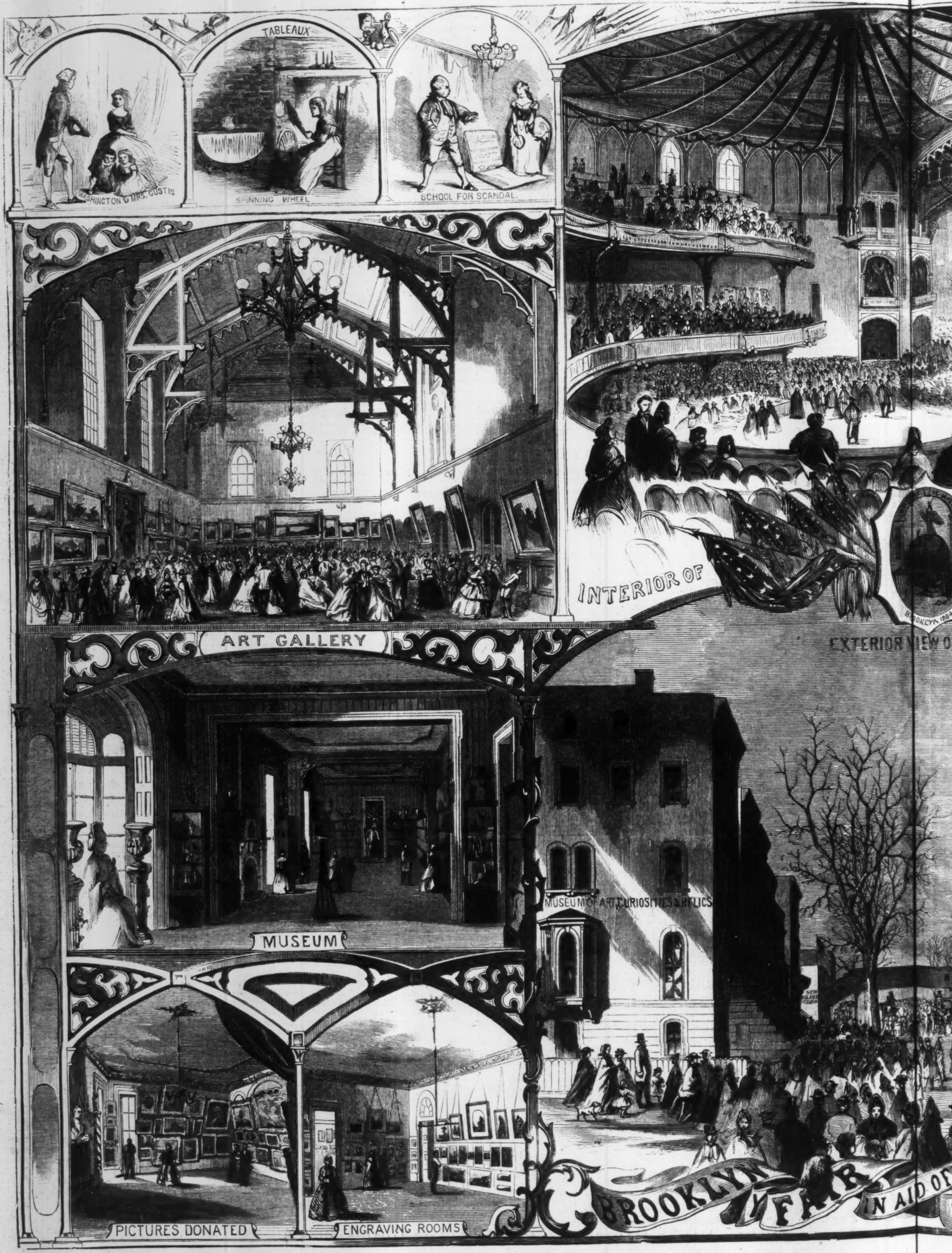
And so the Whirligig went on. Now Scandal's sirocco seized a spiteful anecdote, and twirled, and twisted, and sent it spinning from one end of the gardens to the other. Now it caught up a woman's reputation, and eddied it in wild hide and seek through the summer leaves. It was the merriest kind of word-waltzing imaginable; and never a sneer, an innuendo, a wicked bon mot, but found a partner. And in the midst of it all the band of the Royal Horse Guards Blue brayed forth Suoni la Tromba with tremendous and sonorous emphasis. What did it all matter to them—scandal, repartee, innuendoes, sneers? It was their business to blow, and they blew as though they would have blown forever. So the huntsman winds a find, a check, a mort. So the drummer beats the charge or the chamade, the advance or the retreat. So while Cleopatra reclines in her gorgeous galley, on her poop of beaten gold, beneath her canopy of tissue, with Iras and Charmian—those "gentlewomen like the Nereides"—the honest musicians who play the flute and the hautboy have quite enough to do at the prow, blowing and tootling while the silver oars keep stroke to their music, and without troubling their heads about the "Serpent of old Nile," or Mark Antony or Octavius Cæsar either. Their business is to blow, and they do blow. This is a good state of life: to sit in the orchestra blasting your required quota of sound, and enjoying your forty bars rest without belonging either to the actors before or the audience behind you. Was there not an old fiddler once, at the French Opera, who so minded his crotchets and quavers, listening to countless overtures for fifty years, scraping through innumerable ballets, and who could yet declare on his honor that he had never seen a dancing girl's ankles? I think the band of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, at the Chiswick Flower-show, had the best of it. When their labor was over they had gratuitous cold meats and beer, and the band-master shared between them a handsome donative.

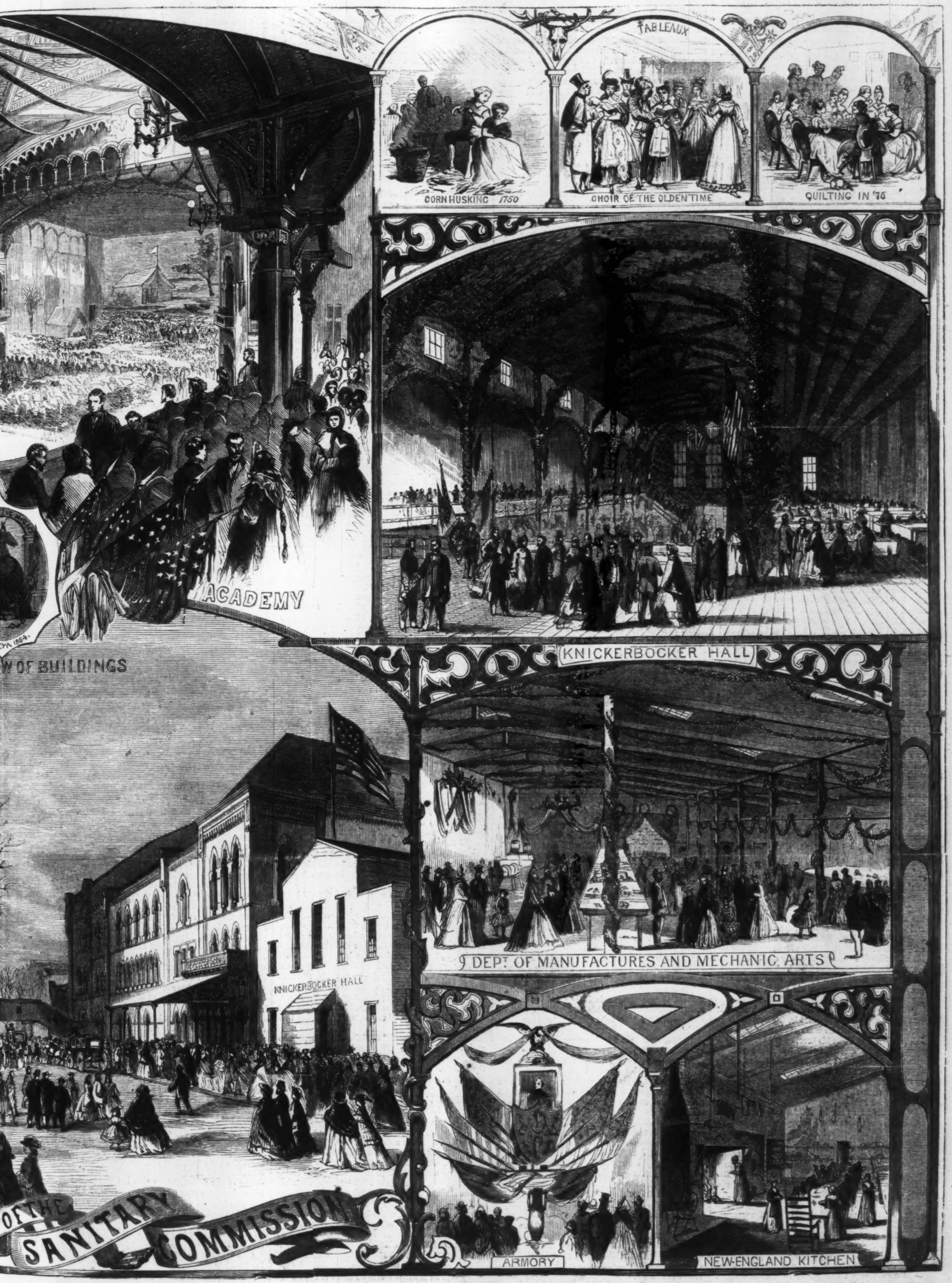
GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

This popular novelist, whose portrait we print for the benefit of our readers on page 149, was born in 1828. His father was an Italian, and his mother, a favorite singer, was a West Indian. Early in life Mr. Sala devoted his energies to painting. When the Gore House was fitted up as a grand Symposium by Alexis Soyer, the latter availed himself of the taste and skill of Mr. Sala in its paraphernalia and scenic arrangements. From his own account of this Symposium it appears to have been an institution of unrivaled magnificence—with its beautiful gardens, terraces, its tasteful library, and its rooms fitted up in every conceivable style—as Chinese pagodas, or Italian cottages over-looking lakes. At length the grand Symposium vanished, and Sala reappeared before the world as a contributor to Mr. Dickens's "Household Words." Some of his productions were translated into French, as works of Mr. Dickens himself. Such papers as "Miss Tattyboy's Rents," "The Secrets of Gas," etc., attracted considerable attention from their novelty. In 1858 Mr. Sala went to Russia, and wrote a series of articles on his tour for the "Household Words." George Augustus Sala is not a profound writer, but his papers are always entertaining and original. His new story, "Quite Alone," commences in *Harper's Weekly* for this week, as a serial, from advanced sheets.

THE ESCAPE FROM LIBEY PRISON.

The escape of a large number of Union officers from The Libey Prison at Richmond, on February 9th, abounds in details of thrilling interest. We publish this week, on page 145, a sketch representing the meeting of some of these refugees—weary and worn-out by the fatigues of flight, added to the severities of their long imprisonment—with the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, who were scouting the country for their rescue. The plan of escape had been conceived two months previous to its execution. The only possible way of escape was through a subterranean tunnel reaching from the cellar of the prison to some convenient point of exit on the outside. At first it was proposed to dig the tunnel in the direction of the sewer, and escape through that; but after several days' hard work the entrance to the sewer was found to be impracticable, and it was determined to change the direction of the tunnel, so as to lead under the street to an out-house across the way, which was a depository for parcels sent to the prisoners from the North. The officers were let down into the cellar through the chimney. For fifty-one days they worked away at the tunnel, small parties of ten or twelve being engaged at a time. The work was carried on at night, and for instruments they used their fingers, knives, chisels, or any thing at hand—the dirt being hid under the refuse and straw in the cellar. When it was impossible any longer to throw the dirt out by hand a spittoon was used as a dirt-cart, being attached to a string on either side, and drawn to and from the cellar. After patiently working in this manner for a number of days they came to a point under the out-house, and began to dig upward, until finally the work was done. The prisoners started out on the evening of the 9th, in small squads, each taking a different route. At two o'clock the lights of the city were put out, and escape was more feasible. In their efforts to reach the Union lines some were recaptured; but out of the one hundred and nine who attempted this adventure, the greater number succeeded. They were aided by negroes, by Union citizens, and by cavalry detachments, which were sent out by General Butler for that purpose as soon as he heard of the escape. We can hardly imagine what were the feelings of some of these refugees when, hotly pursued by the enemy and almost exhausted, they beheld the old flag which had come to find and protect its soldiers.


TABLEAUX
WASHINGTON & MRS. CUSTIS
SPINNING WHEEL
SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.
INTERIOR OF
BROOKLYN 1864
EXTERIOR VIEW O
ART GALLERY
MUSEUM
MUSEUM OF ART, CURIOSITIES & RELICS
PICTURES DONATED
ENGRAVING ROOMS
BROOKLYN FAIR IN AID OF


TABLEAUX
CORNHUSKING 1750
CHOIR OF THE OLDEN TIME
QUILTING IN '76
ACADEMY
CH, 1864.
W OF BUILDINGS
KNICKERBOCKER HALL
DEPT. OF MANUFACTURES AND MECHANIC ARTS
KNICKERBOCKER HALL
ARMORY
NEW-ENGLAND KITCHEN
OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION

[From CHARLES DICKENS'S "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XII.

AN hour later Arthur Haggerdorn sat alone in his little room, trying hard to restore some order among his scattered thoughts, when he was startled by a heavy step without, followed by a tap at the door. It was a frank, hearty knock, and worthy of the individual who had delivered it, a jolly grazier-like personage, with a broad hat, heavy riding-boots, and whip, who entered, strode straight up to Arthur, and taking his hand wrung it cordially.

"I've come to ask you to eat a beef-steak with me, Master Haggerdorn," said the visitor, in a provincial accent of considerable breadth.

Arthur replied that he was much obliged, the more so as he was in total ignorance even of the name of his proposed entertainer, and was not in the least disposed for dinner.

"As for names, mine's Bill Brightsom," was the rejoinder. "As for hunger, the very friz of the steaks at Katy Dowe's coffee-house would put an appetite into a mile-stone; so come along. Your brother bade me ask you."

"My brother!"

"There's his token" (giving Arthur a long twisted lock), "one of his kiss-curls, belle-catchers, as we call 'em in—hem—in Lincolnshire. He said he shouldn't want it no more. Bless you, I know all about it! And as my time's precious, and there's gentlemen a-wanting me in several directions, why, there's no time to waste in getting peckish. *Are* you coming, or *an't* you coming?" asked the visitor, his patience on the wane.

He evidently listened eagerly to every sound, and Arthur had noticed, more than once, that, at any sudden movement in the house, the country gentleman's hand made a curious quick motion in the direction of his breast-pocket. "I've only three-quarters of an hour to spare. *You want a cull.*"

"Cull!" said Arthur. "Zis is my desire—to find ze cruel, crafty murderer of Humpage father."

"Would the crafty *murdered* do as well, now?" asked Mr. Brightsom, with a curious flicker in his eye.

"Ze murdered!"

"You come along and eat a beef-steak," was the oracular reply.

And Arthur, yielding to one of those sudden convictions common to impressible minds, caught up his hat, and followed the worthy grazier with all the alacrity the latter could possibly desire.

Mr. Brightsom, whose rustic shyness perhaps led him insensibly to prefer the less frequented thoroughfares, conducted Arthur through a somewhat intricate labyrinth of back slums, to what seemed one of the very dirtiest little taverns that ever welcomed the hungry City wayfarer to steak and pot of ale. A low hiss, closely followed and interpreted by a burst of savory steam, met the visitor on the threshold, and though it might not absolutely inspire a mile-stone, certainly suggested ideas not appeasable by barren argument.

Mr. Brightsom pioneered his young companion through the inner darkness, which was so profound that Arthur was fairly seated in a box opposite his guide before his eye could clearly distinguish surrounding objects.

There was but little talking; there was a low continuous rattle of knives and forks, not to mention the ceaseless friz, indicating that people came thither exclusively to feed. It was too dark to read or write, and a man might easily have helped himself from the same salt-cellar with his own brother without recognizing him. The attendance was performed by two gnomes, or other sable beings, who flitted gloomily about the room, and being invoked as "Al'ce," and "Rokey," had probably been ascertained by some visitor whose sight was stronger than common to be male and female of the species.

Mr. Brightsom apologized for not offering his guest a choice of viands, such being the celebrity of this house—the "Artichoke"—in the matter of rump-steaks, that to have ordered any thing else might have endangered the instant expulsion of the audacious visitor, as having offered a wanton and unmanly insult to the feelings of the gnome-queen at work below. Rump-steaks and ale appeared (or elsewise indicated their presence) on the table as suddenly as if they had only awaited the arrival of Mr. Brightsom and friend. There followed, of necessity, a minute's silence, after which the grazier wiped his mouth on his ample sleeve and spake:

"S'pose you don't much frequent this ken—that is, coffee-house—my kid—that is, my boy?"

Arthur replied that he was not in the habit of selecting Mrs. Dowe's as his favorite resort.

"It's a very 'spectable place," said the grazier, "but it's so dark that folks sometimes comes here that don't want to be twigged. You're going fur to hear something."

Arthur naturally inquired what it was he was going to hear?

"What'll turn your love-locks into green phizmyjigs," was the mysterious reply, the speaker's eyes peering earnestly into the dark recesses of the room. "Al'ce! Hot flannel!"

Arthur almost started at the strange and sudden order, but had hardly time to ask its meaning, when Al'ce placed the answer on the table, in the form of a pewter jug filled with a mixture of gin and beer, further complicated with sugar, nutmeg, and a crab-apple.

"You're sure you can bear it?" said the grazier, with the manner of a man who spins out time, or postpones a painful revelation. "Take a toothful of this stuff. You'll want it."

Following the turn of his companion's head rather than the direction of his eyes, Arthur noticed that a dark object had glided in, and had taken post, silent as a shadow, at the end of their own table. It was a low stooping figure.

"Just as I expected," said Mr. Brightsom, leaning across the table, and addressing Arthur in a low, distinct tone. "That disappearance job has done its work. A pity, that it is! 'Twas as sweet a little creeter as ever I see—just like my Matty, which is still in pantaloons—but solider. I see her twice, when I was on formiliar wisiting terms with Snells, silversmith's in Jermyn Street—them as was robbed, you know." (He paused an instant, then continued.) "Now I tell you what, my boy, your crib was right opposite number twenty-seven, and you must have known her! Well! She's dead! Dead, sir!" repeated Mr. Brightsom, in a loud, clear voice.

But louder and clearer was the heart-broken cry that burst from the dark figure at the end of the table, as, rising from its cowering attitude, it flung its arms aloft, and fell forward across the board. All present started up and crowded to the spot.

Brightsom caught Arthur by the arm.

"*That's your man*," he said, hurriedly, in his ear. "See to him—I'm off. Nervous in a crowd. If you want Bill Brightsom, advertise in Flying Post—'pointment *here*."

"And Miss—Miss—" gasped Arthur.

"*She's* all right. Trap for a bolted governor. Here's your bolted governor, headforemost on the table here. Get him home!"

So saying, the timid grazier wound himself into the crowd, and vanished.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE excellent Armour, though secretly inclining to Lord Lob's opinion that five thousand pounds, paid down, might be better adapted to his ideas and habits than an uncongenial wife with an income of that amount, could not at once resign his brilliant dream, and ended, after much cogitation, by resolving, as he mentally expressed it, to at least "try it on." He understood from what had passed between himself and the prisoner, that Bob Caunter, the lieutenant, and (next to his great leader) the most accomplished of the Black-Thumbs, would be put upon the track of the discourteous practitioner of Liverpool, and he doubted not that the latter's haunt would be reported to him before many hours were over. *That* was as good as settled. Whatever "jilling" might signify in the thieves' vernacular, George—in just requital of his rudeness and selfishness, in cracking a crib entirely out of his legitimate beat—would henceforth jill no more. He, Armour, master of George and of the situation, was surely bound to make the very best of his opportunity.

Thus it came to pass that Polly-my-Lamb's next visitor of note was Henry, of Bow Street, who, presenting himself about the setting of the sun, with his air of quiet authority, requested an audience, and was instantly admitted.

Polly was seated in her favorite large chair, white as marble, and almost as motionless: her only gesture being a slight inclination of the head, accompanied by a look of inquiry.

Mr. Armour was conscious of a trifling amount of embarrassment, but, recovering himself, pounced at once upon the subject, as he would have collared a thief.

"You are aware, Madam," he said, "that we have effected the capture of the notorious offender, Lord Lob, and that he is safely lodged in Newgate?"

Polly was aware of it.

"And that Sir James Polhill has always attributed to this miscreant the singular outrage we have all been so deeply interested in punishing?"

Again Polly was aware of it.

"With all deference to Sir James's acuteness and great experience, I have presumed to form a contrary opinion" (Polly looked up with some surprise), "and the result has justified that hardihood," continued the modest Henry. "The man is totally innocent of any complicity with that crime. Nay, he seems indignant—though it may be, not from the most exalted motives—at its commission."

"Indeed, Sir!" said Polly, with a curious feeling, in which she would have been puzzled to say whether relief or disappointment had the larger share. "I—excuse me—you had something to add."

"Merely that, although Lord Lob had himself no hand in the business, he can help us to the real criminal, and has given *me* the preference."

"Do I understand you to mean, Sir, that you possess some clew which the chief magistrate does not?"

"That *is* my meaning, young lady; and, further, that within twelve hours I will have in my personal custody the murderer of your father!"

There was something in the man's assured, significant manner that made Polly color to the very roots of her hair. She made an effort to speak.

"Is—is Sir James aware of your present visit, Sir?"

"He is not. He has, however, made me fully acquainted with your noble and dutiful intentions."

"Leave me, for the present, I beg, Sir," said Polly, turning whiter and whiter.

Conscious that his blow must be struck now or never, Henry, instead of retiring, calmly stood his ground, and put his point with his usual unperturbed and business-like manner. He made one step forward.

"Am I to understand, Madam, that you depart altogether from the principles of the arrangement you announced to Sir James Polhill? Or was it intended, may I ask, for the exclusive advantage of the young foreign gentleman to whom you gave the snu—".

"Ze young foreign gentleman is here to answer for himself," said a stern voice, almost at Henry's ear. "Leave ze room, fellow!"

"I think you had better do so, Mr. Armour," said a somewhat milder voice: that of Sir James Polhill, who had followed Arthur into the room. "You're a first-rate fellow in your line, Henry"—apart to the officer—"but this is a little beyond it. Leave the case to me."

Henry withdrew without a word.

Polly-my-Lamb was in the arms of Aunt Serocold, and for some minutes tears and sal volatile had it all their own way. Meanwhile the apartment was silently filling. Mr. Hartshorne had appeared, but stood apart, sympathetic, yet inactive, as if he knew that his closer attentions would not be required. Mrs. Goodall, Stephen, and Kezie were present, and even a faint vision of Mrs. Ascroft hovered near the door.

"Better, darling?" were the first accents that broke the silence of the room.

"Much, dear," said Polly, raising her head from its lavender pillow, and smiling through her tears. "What is the matter? O tell me what has happened?"

"Tell *me* first, my dear," said Sir James; "can you bear good tidings bravely?"

"Try me, Sir James."

"I think I may. I think I will. You know, my dear, that I have always entertained an idea, amounting to conviction, that your father's life was not taken."

Polly knew nothing of the sort, but she welcomed the idea with all the warmth due to an old acquaintance.

"My dear, there is hope of his safety."

"There is *certainty!*" cried Polly, with hands uplifted, and eyes glittering through tears. "I read it in your kind faces. Where is he?"

The group opened, and Arthur Haggerdorn came forward, tenderly supporting an aged withered broken form, with stooping head and snow-white hair. Was this, indeed, all that was left of the bluff, healthy, jovial merchant, Basil Humpage? Polly thought so, for she fell upon his neck without delay or question, gave him one kiss, and, her excitement having reached its crisis, fainted. Nevertheless, the old man would not suffer her to be removed. He was placed in the great chair from which Polly had risen, and the care of those around quickly restored the happy child to the consciousness of her newly-recovered treasure.

In the explanations that succeeded, Arthur was, of necessity, chief orator. As agitation proved detrimental to his English, we interpret for him as follows:

When the old gentleman fainted in the coffee-house, Arthur, in accordance with the suggestion of his friend the grazier, took him under his peculiar care; and, on his recovering sufficiently to mention an address in Westminster, and his desire to be transported home, bore him thither in a coach with every care and solicitude. But it was some time after his arrival and the application of powerful restoratives that the poor old man regained the complete use of his faculties.

His sole personal attendant appeared to be an honest-featured old matron, who wept genuine tears at the condition in which he was brought back; but who, notwithstanding, bestirred herself vigorously in doing all that was required for his relief.

"Of course I knew his name warn't Higgledum," said the old lady, softly, to Arthur, as the two sat in the adjoining room, but with the door open, so as to command a full view of the patient's bed. "Nobody's name ever yet was Higgledum, or Piggledum either. But he's the best of masters and of men; and, now you tell me you know his right name, why it's no use me making a mystery about it. He ought to have his friends about him."

"And he shall," said Arthur.

"I knew well enough he was a-hidin'," continued the old dame, apparently so delighted to get the secret off her soul that she could not check her revelations. "Bless you he was up to all sorts of tricks, 'specially to make me think his name was Higgledum. Scores of letters he must have written to himself, 'Humphrey Higgledum, Esquire;' but he forgot, now and again, to destroy them, and so I see, as they lays on his bureau, there was nothing in 'em. But I fancy they was tiresome to answer, so he soon gave that up. He used to dine at some out-o'-the-way place, and read his paper at another out-o'-the-way place. I don't think he spent forty pound a year. I knew he was a-hidin', but I'd take my Bible oath he never hurt any mortial, nor I don't think any mortial would hurt him. And," concluded the honest lady, wiping her eyes, "of course I don't believe in that 'Reward.'"

"Reward?"

"Would you like to see it?" asked the old lady. "Wait a bit."

She stole on tip-toe into the bedroom, took the old man's keys which lay on his dressing-table, and, returning, softly opened a bureau, and signed to Arthur to approach it. He did so, with like caution, and saw pasted on the interior of the lid a paper notice, or placard, written with a pen and ink, but in large carefully drawn capitals, announcing that a "Reward of Ten Thousand Dutch Guilders would be paid, on the production, Dead or Alive, of the Body of Basil Humpage, late Merchant and Banker of the City of London, an Absconded Felon."

"In Heaven's name!" exclaimed Arthur, "who prepared this? It is as false as—"

"Hush!" said the old lady, with a glance toward the patient. "I think he's a moving. False! I know it is. Hark, young gentleman. *He done it hisself.*"

"Himself!"

"I see him a-finishing and touching of it up. He hadn't no copy. It all come out of his own head, and that head's—"

The matron made a dubious sort of gesture, but Arthur caught her meaning, and the mystery flashed upon him. He was aware of the rumors which had arisen, but which had been utterly dissipated on investigation, respecting the business connection between Humpage and the fraudulent bankrupt house of Dietrich Brothers. The former had, indeed, as may be remembered, while ignorant of the doings of this unhappy firm, assisted them with certain advances. This circumstance it was that, preying on the old merchant's mind, had induced the monomania from which such strange results had come.

In effect, this *was* the solution. Pursued by the belief that an attempt would be made to apprehend him, but successfully disguising his fear, Humpage had only watched his opportunity to escape, when, on the morning of the twelfth of March, his purpose was precipitated by an accidental movement in the house, which reached his ear while dressing. The repeated summons at his door alarming him more and more, he, with scarcely a moment's consideration, effected his desperate exit from the window. Failing in a first attempt to scramble down by the water-pipe, and cutting his hand severely in regaining the room, he secured a piece of rope used for cording luggage, and, arranging the coil so that he might draw it after him, this time effected a safe, and, strange to say, unperceived descent.

Singular it is, but no less true, that his first refuge was opposite to his own mansion, in the house of Mrs. Ascroft! Confused as his judgment was, the father's fond heart could not part so quickly with its darling. Where he completed his disguise was never clearly known, but at dusk, on the thirteenth of March, there appeared, as Mrs. Ascroft had truly deposed, a stout gentleman, of civil demeanor, with light bushy hair, and profuse beard, who engaged her second-floor rooms, front and back, and quickly finding fault, as she further stated, with the stable disturbances at the back, caused his bed to be removed to the front room, from whence he could watch his own house, and the proceedings of its inmates, at pleasure.

Here he enjoyed a peace, to which (as he afterward stated) he had been for many months a stranger. Though still a slave to the fixed idea that he had been somehow associated with the Dietrichs in their guilt, he was aware that his own affairs were prosperous and in perfect order. Those he loved best in the world were in affluence, and, save for his loss, in happiness. He might still watch over them unseen, and there was, in this, a mysterious cunning pleasure, not remotely akin to the disturbance of his brain, that determined him to preserve his present incognito as long as possible—at all events, until his honest name should be cleared.

It was with great regret that, under the influence of some new alarm, he gave up his lodgings at Mrs. Ascroft's, and retired into a small back street in Westminster, laying aside his disguise, and simply assuming a false name.

Scarcely established in the Westminster lodging, his health, hitherto remarkably strong, began to decline, and so great a change did a few months make in the appearance of the once hale and portly merchant, that it was not surprising if, in the obscurity of the City coffee-houses to which he resorted, he ran little risk of recognition. How Bill Brightsom, otherwise Bob Caunter, discovered his real name and history, is a point that gentleman thought proper to conceal, the only satisfaction he would vouchsafe (when, at a subsequent period, he received a handsome reward from Arthur) being couched in the single expression:

"Bless yer, we knows a deal!"

Arthur had found the task of reassuring the old man as to his daughter neither hard nor critical; indeed, the greatest difficulty he had encountered in his treatment of him was to dissuade him from an attempt to hasten home while he had scarcely strength to stir. For strange as it may seem, either the shock he had just received, or the rapid decay of his bodily powers, or both, had freed his mind from its tyrannous delusion under which he had done this extraordinary and well-known act of effecting his disappearance and keeping himself concealed, for the bare act itself has been on record long before now.

However, that very same evening Arthur Haggerdorn had the happiness of restoring Basil Humpage, a sane and reasonable man, to his long-deserted home and loving daughter.

What more remains to tell? It is mortifying to reflect with how little ceremony important characters can be swept from the scene, how heroes may be extinguished in a sentence, how coquettes may be reformed with a word.

Place for the nobility! A notice to the following effect was sent for insertion to the St. James's High-Flyer, the court and fashionable organ of that period.

DEATH.

On the sixteenth instant, near Tyburn, aged twenty-five, in consequence of a sudden fall, to the great grief of a large circle of friends, the Lord Viscount Lob, son of the Right Honorable the Earl of Hawkweed, K.G.T., etc.

It is true that the fashionable organ declined to publish the above (though drawn up by no less an authority than the deceased himself, on the day preceding his anticipated demise), and it is well it did so, as on that very night his lordship, who had been some time ailing, fortunately broke a blood-vessel, whereby his decease was, by medical authority, adjourned for three weeks. During that interval a copy of the above announcement was submitted to the Earl of Hawkweed himself, and acted so strongly upon the well-known sensibility of that excellent nobleman, that his influence was exerted in the sick man's favor, and obtained permission for him to visit the plantations of America. Mercy so unexpected, and, let us add, so unmerited, wrought for this unhappy man what the fear of death could not. He survived, indeed, but for a few months, but these were months of penitence, and that true sorrow "not to be repented of."

Considering that old Mr. Humpage positively refused to part with his friend Arthur, and that, though interfering little in domestic affairs, he was regarded, more than ever, as absolute master, Polly-my-Lamb had to put up, as best she might, with the society of the young artist. In order, however, to relieve her as much as possible, kind Aunt Serocold contrived an attractive little studio in a remote corner of the mansion, to which it was confidently hoped Arthur would often retire. And so he did, and also painted six more portraits; but as these proved to be all studies of the same young person, in different attitudes, and as no strange model visited the house, it is to be presumed that Miss Serocold's principal object failed.

One evening, as the party (little Mr. Hartshorne happened to be present) were sitting together after tea, papa, who seldom spoke, suddenly raised his white head, and taking a hand of each of his two nearest neighbors, put them softly together.

"My children, my good children, make me happy."

There was again a day of excitement in Jermyn Street. All Saint James's appeared to be out on that pleasant morning in May that witnessed the nuptials of the charming and wealthy heiress of Basil Humpage, Esquire, and Arthur Haggerdorn, of Stumpfelgrbölzgrad, Western Transylvania. The St. James's High-Flyer devoted a special paragraph to a description of the ceremony, in which the Very Reverend Doctor Cozey, Dean of St. James's, without the slightest assistance (as in these degenerate days), first united the above parties, and subsequently, like a pleasant postscript to an interesting letter, married Miss Mabel Serocold to Mr. John Hartshorne. Among the blushing maids attendant on the younger bride, the High-Flyer distinguished the Señora Torre-Diaz, whose devoted interest in her lovely friend, no less than her own incomparable beauty, attracted deserved attention. The bride's magnificent necklace of pearls and emeralds was a present from Sir James Polhill, the eminent magistrate. The police arrangements, rendered necessary by the immense assemblage, were under the immediate direction of Mr. Henry Armour, chief officer.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE AND ITS RECOMPENSE.

"No, boy, you can not go. The country does not need you; its armies are full, its triumph sure. You must not leave your old mother, George, now that she has no other arm to lean upon."

There was a painful pathos in the woman's voice—entreaty blended with something of command. A tear, too, stood in her eye, as, laying her hand upon her boy's arm, she added:

"I have given one son, George, to the cause; it can not be asked that I should give you too, my last and only one."

They stood in the library, mother and son, the summer twilight folding them in its soft halo. Already on the mother's forehead age had sifted its snows, but the face was beautiful and noble still—a page without blot or blemish. The son, standing with conscious power in the maternal presence, carried all that mother's shining womanhood in his mien, touched only with a masculine hardness and force; but it was plain withal, from all his appearance, that he had grappled as yet with few of life's sterner duties; indolence rather had marked throughout his one-and-twenty years, out of which no blossom of achievement had sprouted into growth. This night, however, there was a new inspiration upon him, and very soon he spoke again:

"You know, mother, I would not be undutiful; but would you have me stand on the flaming edges of this great conflict and have no participation in it? You did not in your heart begrudge Edward to the cause; you are willing, surely, to give the world through me a testimony that you do not mourn that sacrifice? Oh, my mother, could I lift my face among men when this war is done and our scarred heroes come marching home, if I had done nothing to secure the triumph crowning their tattered banners? Would you feel content in the reflection that when Liberty was in peril you stopped short of any sacrifice? Would you not rather see me laid under the grasses where Edward is lying than feel that you had a coward for your son? But while I say all this, you know, my mother, I would be dutiful—dutiful to you next to my own conscience and the pleadings of humanity."

The twilight deepened, but the mother, with a deep yearning in her eyes, took no note of the drifting moments. For a time perfect silence reigned; then at last she said:

"You have been a true, thoughtful son, George; I know it is no idle caprice that prompts your purpose; I give my consent—go, and God bless and guard you!"

It was indeed no idle caprice that had determined George Marsland's choice of a career. Born in the midst of luxury, hedged about through all his earlier years by every comfort that affluence and position could confer; educated rather to maintain the ancestral eminence in the more refined and polite social spheres than to fill a place in the bustling working world; lifted above the necessity of exertion, with no internal predisposition thereto, he had matured into a polished, purposeless drone, spending his days in trivial pursuits, which afforded neither genuine pleasure nor durable results. But when suddenly over the land the war-trumpet blew its shrill call to arms, and the nation, out of its profound peace, rose with flaming face to meet the peril of rebellion, the voice of duty stirred into vigorous action the slumbering impulses of his better nature; life grew to be, in his estimation, an earnest, solemn thing; he saw in it vast possibilities of growth and achievement; he saw opportunities opening every where, tempting the earnest soul to effort and adventure, and out of his selfishness and dumb apathy there came, under the sharp inspiration of the time, a longing to be useful, to earn a place in the world's regard, to do something for Liberty that through all the royal years of her broadening sway should make his name luminous and noble. But at first this longing was not gratified. An older brother, in the first red days after Sumter fell, went afield from his Massachusetts home by stealth, and George, obedient to the commands of affection, remained for a time behind, the one thought of his duty burning deeper and deeper into his soul. At last the first-born of the house—the dear brother of his love—in a hot charge at Bull Run, fell never to rise: then, with a purpose yet more intense, George determined, come what might, to go to the field; and now at last, after repeated importunities, the mother's ban had been removed, and his dream was to be fulfilled.

But one thought troubled him still, as with thoughtful pace he left the library and passed into the little boudoir opposite. What would Mary Spencer say—would she, the companion of all his later years, the more than sister, whose life he hoped some day to knit unto his own, would she, with warm Southern blood in her veins, and Southern memories lying like sunny pictures on her heart, approve his decision? Of late he had concealed from her his real thought; but he felt, from what had passed when he had months before named it to her, that she would attempt to dissuade him from his purpose. She stood, as it were, so entirely alone in the world, dependent wholly upon the bounty of his mother, whose ward she was, that it would be only natural she should cling to one upon whom she had learned to lean, one whom he felt in his inmost consciousness she loved with all her strength. But no tie of affection, no bland solicitation of hope, should woo him now to disgraceful ease, and with that thought pulsing in his veins, he sought the quiet retreat where he knew he was awaited.

How he told her of his purpose; how, in the sudden emotion, the pallid face, the tender expression of the eye, he read the confession he longed to hear and know; how he combated the objections which love suggested; how the discussion, begun in tenderness, grew at last passionate and vehement, the very consciousness of the power of mutual affection adding to the willfulness of the moment; how, while the one grew stern and inexorable in the thought that he was on trial for the truth that was in him, the heart of the other, stung by the pangs of a jealousy that could not brook the bestowal of precedence on any other object, and moved, perhaps, by innate indifference to the cause the other loved, became bitter and perverse—why rehearse it here? Suffice it that at last, touched by some bitter word spoken in the heat of a passing gust of passion, he rose to go, saying, as his face paled,

"I had thought you brave and true, Mary, willing to do and suffer for your country; but I was mistaken. I should not be worthy to fight for this holy cause if I could permit any selfish tie, any considerations like those you have addressed to my conscience, to keep me here as you wish."

The words were crisp and sharp, and the voice had a rebuke sharper than any sting in it. The pale, girlish face flushed under the taunt they embodied.

"Go, then, if you will; a love that flies its object so soon upon possession is scarcely worth a true heart's keeping."

It was over—this difference—in a moment; but so, in some pivotal second of time, lives are darkened or made bright, suns are obscured, mountain tops of joy are won or lost, kingdoms and crowns are achieved or broken in the dust.

That night, before sleep came to soothe his restlessness, George Marsland had volunteered in a city regiment, bravely putting under his feet the love he had hoped, a little while before, might enrich and exalt him to new heights of blessedness and joy.

Nor did Mary Spencer find more of comfort than he had done, as she communed through the night with her own heart. The moment he had quitted her presence, obedient to the noblest impulses of his deepening manhood, all the vastness of her loss forced itself upon her consciousness. She saw, spite of her indifference to the cause, how greatly she had erred, crucifying her own better emotions while wronging his patriotic instinct, in laboring to dissuade him from his purpose. And could she have done it, so abased did she become in her own esteem, she would have entreated on her knees pardon for her offense. But this now she could not do. He would never seek her presence again; she knew his nature too well to hope for that. Obedient to the gentlest solicitation of true affection, he had yet ever been as flint when once wronged or betrayed. Besides, he would leave upon the morrow. Her only hope, therefore, was that in some way she might make him understand how grieved she was for her offense, that he might sometimes think of her in the future as at least repentant and longing to make amends for her fault. Perhaps, some day, he might return, and then, it might be, his heart, empty and desolate, would not spurn the love she would keep fresh and pure for him. Some day! Alas! there was another thought; he might, some day, fall in the battle's front and *never* return, and then for her life would never more have one singing-bird of content piping amidst its leaves, not one hope to brighten the "dumb, waste places of the dark." That thought was like a knife searching for the very life of the sad heart, and through all the night it stung and harassed her, until at last the morning came, purpling the east and mocking with its brightness her great grief.

But she must act now, if she would have George—how the very name thrilled her!—carry with him one thought of her. Hastily, and with nervous hand, she penciled on a card the words, "I was in fault—forgive me;" then slipping into the still silent parlor, thrust the meek appeal into the niche where his letters were always placed, and this done, stole away again in the dim dawn to her chamber.

The morning broadened over the world. Mother and son met at breakfast; but Mary, timid and weak with all her devouring anxiety, sent an excuse which he regarded as only a pretext unworthy of an honest heart. It was a silent meal; each felt it might be the last they should ever take together. At length, rising, all their little plans having been discussed, with a warm embrace, with tears on their faces, with unuttered prayer in their hearts, they went apart, the son going with hasty step, as if he would escape his own sad memories, to join his regiment, which that day marched afield, the mother hurrying into the privacy of her own chamber, there to think of her boy, and pray that no harm might come to him in the battle days whose hail and fire he might be called to face.

George, in going, left no message for the weeping one, whose eyes, looking from the casement through which the morning shone so grimly, followed him with inexpressible longing as he hurried down the street; he had not found her message, and he knew not—did he ever know?—she had prayed for his forgiveness.

Weeks slipped by, the summer deepening and fading, and George Marsland was in camp in Virginia, in General Banks's Division. Almost daily hopeful letters came to the New England home whence he had gone for Freedom's sake, and daily the mother's heart grew stronger in patriotic purpose, in ability to repress all selfish thoughts, and elevate only, as the one thing worth living for, her country's good. But daily also on Mary's face the shadow deepened, and the way in which she walked grew more difficult and weary. She knew he was safe and well; that, indeed, was a comfort; but no word for her ever came from the distant camp, and that was more than she could bear. Certainly, she thought, he must have found her farewell message. It had at least been removed from the niche where she placed it. His silence, therefore, could only mean that his heart was still closed against her. And so, with doubt and fear shadowing her penitence, the time crept grimly on.

At last, when the summer was quite gone and the leaves had begun to fall, there came one day this brief message: "We cross the Potomac to-morrow, and expect an engagement with the enemy. We are prepared, all of us, to do our duty; but we can not tell what may happen. May God keep you!"

Almost with the letter came the news along the wires of the engagement at Ball's Bluff. Mary Spencer knew that *he* was there. At first the intelligence was only partial; we seemed to have won a victory with but little loss. But gradually the truth was disclosed, and all the terrors of that defeat burst upon the public eye. Who of us can forget what a pang pierced our hearts when we heard of Baker's death? Who can forget how every soul was stirred as we learned how, under a mercilessly savage fire, the gallant Massachusetts soldiers stood firm as Bunker Hill, their heroic daring matching the noblest exhibitions of old Roman courage? Who can forget how from every lip a blessing was poured on the State whose sons had redeemed that day from utter and complete disgrace?

Many an act was that day performed, whose story only the Day of Revelations will rehearse. George Marsland was in the fore-front of the conflict. When Baker fell, and dismay for a moment seized our little band, he stood firmly in his lot, rallying around him the confused and struggling column, and meeting the foe foot to foot. When the summons came to surrender, he it was who answered the demand with defiance. When our smitten, wounded, dying heroes, forced to the river's brink, plunging into the tide, seeking a refuge in its depths as preferable to surrender, it was he who covered their retreat with a score of other lion-hearted ones who laughed with him at death.

The conflict had reached a pause; the crash and roar of musketry had for the moment ceased. George Marsland stood by the river's edge comforting a wounded comrade whose life was ebbing fast. Suddenly a body of rebel cavalry dashed from the wooded height, and discharging their carbines at random among the group by the river's brink, wheeled and swept away. But they left another gap in the Massachusetts band. George Marsland, struck in the breast by a wandering shot, fell dead in their very midst.

In the hush of a sombre twilight days thereafter one who was with him there broke the news to the mother in the home over whose threshold he should never come again alive. Hers was a heart of noble stuff, spite of weaknesses in the past, and though a deeper shadow fell upon her life she only said, "He fell in his country's cause, and that, sacred before, it will now be doubly so;" and with that simple word laid away her grief out of sight, and bravely shouldered the work which her loss seemed to intimate to her awakened consciousness was henceforth peculiarly her own.

A fortnight after she had abandoned her luxurious home, and in the hospitals at Washington was laboring with heroic fidelity in the service of the sick and wounded ones, who to her were now as sons. To-day, at Newbern, among the many self-sacrificing, kindly teachers of the Freedmen, there is one to whom all look with especial reverence and affection; one whose face, always wearing a patient smile, brightens all who catch its glow; and the face is that of George Marsland's mother, and the smile that with which, shining through her tears, she gave him her parting benediction.

Not so did Mary Spencer accept the tidings of his death and her loss. To her, sitting without the gate of Hope, the news came like a decree of banishment, shutting it forever against her, putting out the last promise which had prophesied of brighter days to come. Nor was the future only dark and forbidding. The past had at first no solace for the sick soul; her own infidelity to truth and duty darkened all the retrospect.

But one day, while this fearful mood was still upon her, a coffin was brought into the still house. At its side Mary Spencer sat down, with her grief gnawing fiercely at her heart. Alone, through the chill October night, she sat there with the dead. And the Father who pities the erring touched her heart in the silent night-watches, and with the morning she rose up with a better, purer thought; and thenceforward, having washed away in tears of penitence the stains and dross of her life, performed with serene rejoicing a true woman's work in the grand conflict of the time.

"Perhaps"—she said to her heart—"perhaps, looking down from his rest, *he* will behold me bearing on his work, striving to make it triumphant and complete, and so will come to meet me, when I too am called, at the outer gate of the City, 'eternal in the heavens.'"

Shall we tell of her work? Mayhap, in these later days, you have heard her voice pleading with assembled thousands for Liberty, for Justice, for Union; stirring the pulse of whole communities, touching the souls of senates, lifting all to new planes of patriotism and courage?

Blessed are the dead who die for Freedom's sake! for out of their sacrifice harvests of recompense are born in the present, and in the future thronging generations shall gather inspiration from their high example.

Blessed, too, are the living, who, in the same holy cause, have abandoned ease and all life's accustomed enjoyments to suffer in the field. Often, doubtless, they long—these brothers of ours—to sit in the old chair at the table's head, to hear the prattle of children climbing to their knees, to feel the mother's soft hand upon their foreheads. Standing on lonely outposts, pacing the weary sentry-rounds, do not glimpses of the peaceful Past flutter through their souls, and dear familiar faces beam upon them, now and then, through the silence of sweet dreams, with pleading love? But their hearts fail not, their purpose falters not; they have consecrated themselves to the nation's cause, and they go straight on wherever duty leads. Think of them, care for them;—care, too, for all bruised, bereaved ones in these free communities, remembering that there are thousands of homes which, in this grand strife with barbarism, this struggle for the very soul of our enlightened civilization, have been made desolate and childless as was that out of which George Marsland went to the field and to immortality.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.—There can never be Peace as long as there is a General Wrangel.

"Teddy, my boy, jist guess how many cheeses there are in this ere bag, an' faith I'll give you the whole five."—"Five, to be sure."—"Arrah, by my soul' bad luck to the man that tould ye!"

"My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I can not marry; for how could I prevail on any young lady, possessed of common sense, or the slightest notion of delicacy, to turn a Somerset?"

IMPROPER EXPRESSION.—Let it never be said, that when a man jumps for joy, "his delight knows no *bounds*."

The other day, a gentleman, without assigning any reason for this barbarous act of self-martyrdom, entered a cutler's shop, and put his hands upon two sharp carving knives, upon which he had previously fixed his eyes!

Advertising for a wife, says a contemporary, is just as absurd as it would be to get measured for an umbrella.

WOMAN.—So long as a woman inspires love she is not old. But what is it to be old? It does not depend upon the fact that we have existed during a certain mysterious number of years which have been allotted to each of us. To be old is to have no longer a beauty or charm. If a woman preserves the attractions of youth until she reaches the age of one hundred, she will be younger than the woman of twenty who wants them.

People often wonder at the most natural things in the world. "I say, Digby," said Quilp, to an acquaintance, "you look sober this morning." "And for a very obvious reason," said Digby; "I am sober!"

There sometimes seems to be nothing in the universe but the sound of old sobs and the tracks of old tears.

Why are crockeryware dealers unlike all other shopkeepers?—"Because it won't do to *crack* up their goods."

A good place for early birds—the city of Worms.

The worst town in England to enter with a new dress on—*Staines*.

A traveler was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the enjoyment of a well-cut ham and the left leg of a goose. "Pray, Sir, what is the peculiar luxury of a left leg?" "Sir, to conceive its luxury, you must find that it is the only leg that is left."

Two young ladies and Mr. Thaddeus O'Grady were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question, "Which of us do you think is the elder, Mr. O'Grady?" "Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."

A paragraph has been going the rounds concerning an old lady who has a mustache on her lip; to which a hateful contemporary adds that it is not uncommon for young ladies to have mustaches on their lips, but it is rarely that they grow there.

"I say, Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones, to be sure; your Honor wouldn't be thinking I would plant boiled ones."

In a country church-yard we find this epitaph: "Here lies the body of James Robinson, and Ruth, his wife;" and underneath this text: "Their warfare is accomplished."

"Please, Sir, I don't think Mr. Dosem takes his physic reg'lar," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "'Cause vy, he's getting well so precious fast."

What would be likely to give the best report of a fire?—A powder magazine.

A druggist, anxious for an increased sale of his court-plaster, put the following couplet upon each package:

"All wounds but Cupid's I can cure,
And that 'tis pleasure to endure."

A wag some years ago advertised a carriage to run without horses, with only one wheel, and invited the curious in mechanics to see it. Many of the members of the Society of Arts attended, and in the ardor of expectation they were shown—a wheel-barrow.

We don't like to see a lady with very minute feet. Ladies shouldn't stand upon trifles.

A gentleman being asked by his friend what it was o'clock, replied, "Little or nothing." "How so?" asked the inquirer. "Why," said the wit, "it is not quite one; and that which is less than one must be little or nothing."

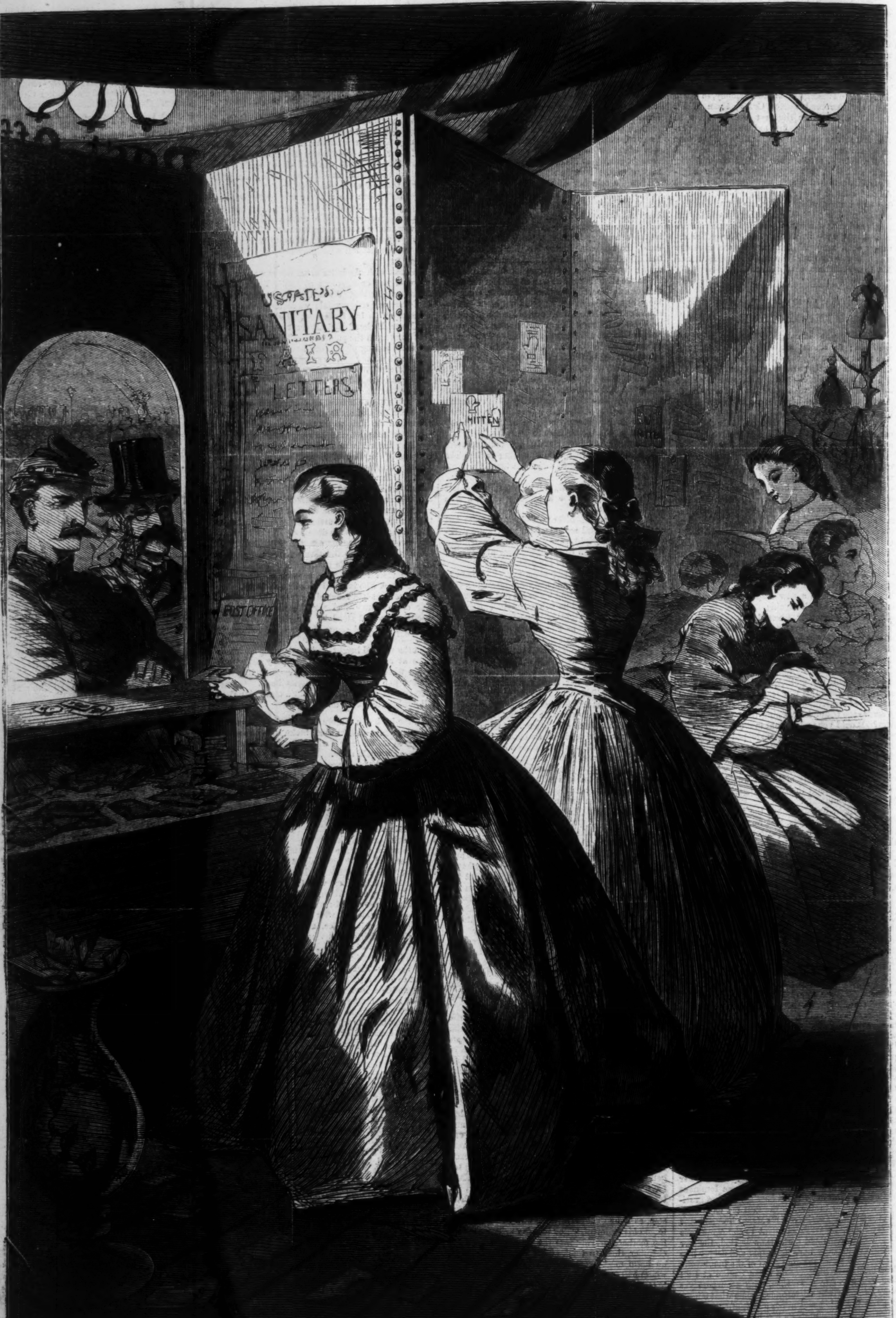
"Samuel, can you tell me of what parentage was Napoleon the Great?" "Of *Cors-I-can!*"

An Irishman, illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment *for life*, only fifteen survived it!

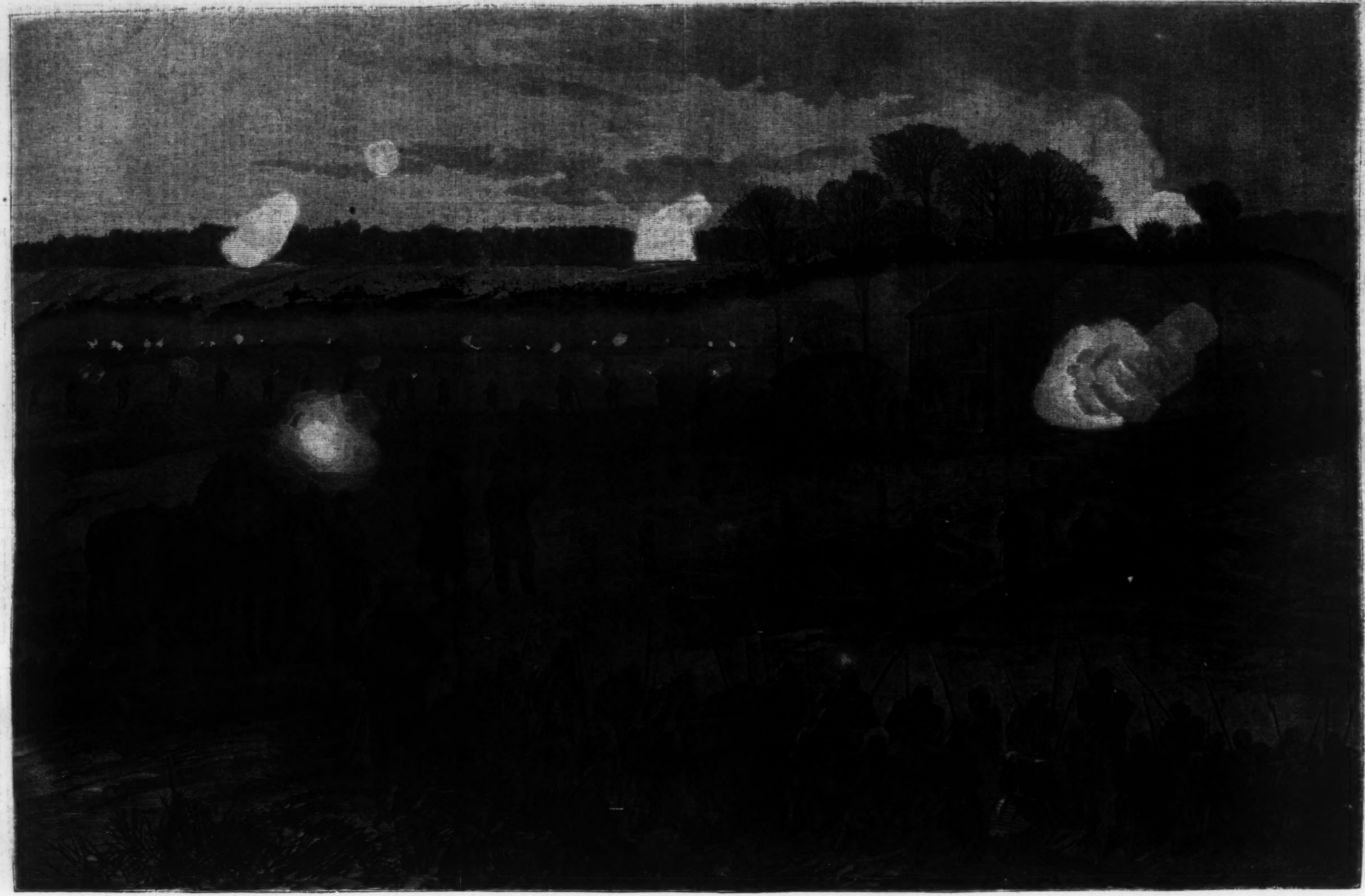
Many very decent people are in one respect like blind beggars, they are led by dogs.

When Brennan, the noted highwayman, was taken in the South of Ireland curiosity drew numbers to the jail to see, loaded with irons, the man who had long been a terror to the country; among others was a banker, whose notes at that time were not held in the highest estimation, who assured the prisoner that he was very glad to see him there at last. Brennan, looking up, replied, "Ah, Sir, I did not expect that from you—indeed I did not; for you well know that when all the country refused your notes I took them."

"It is strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."


U.S. STATE'S
SANITARY
FAIR
LETTERS
POST OFFICE
MITTEN

"ANY THING FOR ME, IF YOU PLEASE?"—POST-OFFICE OF THE BROOKLYN FAIR IN AID OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.—[SEE PAGE 158.]



RECONNOISSANCE AT MORTON'S FORD—NIGHT SCENE.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See next Page.]

AT MORTON'S FORD.

THE illustration on page 157 represents the late RECONNOISSANCE AT MORTON'S FORD. The enemy's fortified position is on the hill, from which he is firing; on a lower hill is his line of skirmishers, in front of which our line is being formed. In the fore-ground are our troops, and beyond them Generals Warren and Humphreys, and other officers

THE BROOKLYN SANITARY FAIR.

THE anniversary of Washington's Birthday was fitly celebrated in Brooklyn—the third city in the United States—by the opening of the Fair in aid of the Sanitary Commission. On pages 152 and 153 we illustrate some of the leading features of this Fair; and on page 156 will be found a sketch of the "Post-Office," where any body can find as many letters as he desires—postage *not paid*. The buildings occupied by the Fair comprise the Academy of Music and Knickerbocker Hall, on one side of Montague Street, and two large buildings on the opposite side. One of these is connected with the Academy by a temporary bridge thrown across the street. Knickerbocker Hall and one of the other buildings were erected expressly for the Fair, all the materials and labor having been given, without charge, forming one of the leading items in the list of contributions. The bazaar of the Fair occupies the auditorium of the Academy; but as most of the stalls are beneath the first tier of seats, they are not seen in our general view of the interior, which is taken from the dress circle. The artist has saved us the labor of describing in detail the general arrangements and some of the most striking special features of the Fair. To give any thing like a catalogue of the articles contributed would require a volume. By way of hint it may be said that there are more than 10,000 sofa-cushions, and a lady of a mathematical turn of mind assures us that there is a pin-cushion for every pin in the city. The Art Gallery contains 175 framed paintings, most of them of great merit, besides many gems from the albums of our patriotic artists. In the Department of Manufactures and Mechanic Arts we find almost every thing from a buggy to a bag of coffee—from a saddle to a sewing-machine. Not the least interesting contribution here is a huge bale, marked "336 lbs. Sea-Island Cotton," the product of free labor, sent from Hilton Head. In the New England Kitchen the descendants of the Pilgrims may regale themselves upon the national delicacies of crackers, doughnuts, molasses, pies, pickles, apple-sauce, pork and beans, cider, and the like. If any man wishes to know just how his grandmother appeared when she made captive the youthful heart of his respected grandfather, he has only to look at the fair attendants, who are arrayed in the garb of the last century. It is an odd sight; but our belles in their hoops, etc., will look quite as oddly to their grandchildren. In the detached building at the corner of Montague and Clinton Streets is a museum of rare and valuable contributions, paintings, engravings, and works of art and *vertu*. One room contains a beautiful arrangement of flags and war materials from the Navy-yard, and another a collection of flags captured from the rebels.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade*.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

A New Story of American Life!

Eliza Woodson;

OR, THE EARLY DAYS OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

Of this new and fascinating book, the *New Covenant* says: "Since reading 'Jane Eyre' we have read nothing in the way of Autobiography half sointeresting, nothing in the way of fiction half so thrilling."

It is a book to interest all ages and classes, and especially valuable to youth. Price $1 25. By mail, post-paid.

Address A. J. DAVIS & CO., Publishers,
274 Canal Street, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW
IN PLAYING CARDS.
LOVE SCENES.
Designs from French Artists.

The above new Card has fifty-two beautiful pictures, of elegant design, and they can also be used the same as ordinary playing cards, thus combining pleasure with amusement. Enclose 50 cents and send for sample pack. $5 per dozen; liberal discount by gross to dealers.

L. A. CASWELL, 60 Nassau St., New York.

DR. B. C. PERRY,
DERMATOLOGIST,
49 Bond Street, New York,

Formerly of 29 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching. ALSO, removes Moth Freckles, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultations free.

For particulars enclose stamp for Circular.

THE "JERKS," OR CONVULSIONS, when under religious exercises—Wonderful Phenomena in France—Causes Explained—A change of Heart—THE FUTURE AMERICAN—White, Red, or Brown—which? What we want—Fruit Growing—AUNT NABBY, or the Surprise Party—SUPERSTITIONS in Great Britain and Ireland. Death Tokens, Signs of Misfortune, Witch Guards—Irish Fairies—Rain at a Funeral—Trying Fortunes, etc., in MARCH NO. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Only 15 cts., or $1 50 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.
Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use." Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved. *Single Cases* sent by mail, free to the *Army*, and everywhere, on receipt of *price* and 25 cents. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

of *superior quality* and *flavor*, put up in Packages to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade*. *All Orders* promptly filled.

OFFICE RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

We are now offering our Celebrated Gold Pens and Extension Silver Plated Holders at the following low prices for Cash:

No. 1 Magic Gold Pens and Holders, per dozen,	$5 50.
No. 2 " " " "	7 00.
No. 1 Albertine fine Gold Pens and Holders, per doz.	8 00.
No. 2 " " " "	9 00.
No. 1 Always Ready " "	11 50.
No. 2 " " " "	13 00.

These Pens and Holders are all warranted, and will retail from $2 to $5 each.

A deduction of 10 per cent. will be made on all sums of $50 and upwards. Our Pens and Holders have nice fancy Cases, containing one dozen each, and are not soldin less quantities. Sent by mail or express pre-paid.

Address SALISBURY BROS. & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

BAKER'S RHEUMATIC BALM,
BAKER'S FEVER COOLER,
BAKER'S COUGH MIXTURE,
BAKER'S CROUP ALLEVIATOR,

are four remedies which no family should ever be without. Price $1 per bottle each.

Also,
BAKER'S KIDNEY AND GRAVEL REMEDIES, which are invaluable. Price $5.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT:
No. 154 Tenth Street, near Fourth Avenue.
Remedies sent to any address upon receipt of price.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Bilious Affections

And the various complaints incident to this season, can not find a surer or safer remedy than BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

VOICE FROM EGYPT.

Peace be unto you, and length of days. The medicine (Brandreth's Pills) was a fierce foe to Azrael, both in pestilence and caravan sickness; the little orbs were rich with the wine of health; let the maker wear this golden circle, that he may know I was wounded with the arrows of disease, but am now healed. May he grow in the sunshine, and, dispensing blessings, be most blessed.

ACHMET HALLILLA.

The above, accompanied by a ring, was delivered to me by a distinguished Member of Congress on his return from Jerusalem. B. BRANDRETH.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING,
NEW YORK.

For sale by all respectable dealers in medicine.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The FIRST has the name
"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The SECOND has the name
"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name
"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name
"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH CO., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE NILE EXPLORERS, CAPTAINS SPEKE and GRANT, with likenesses, including their Africans—An African Beauty, How he got two wives—THE SCIENCE OF FORCE, Magnetism, Water, Iron, Combustion, Origin of Vegetation—What Mind is made of—The Breath of Life—WONDERS OF CREATION—The Microscope—Monads, Birds, Physiological and Stellar Wonders, in MARCH NO. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 15 cts. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

To Invalid Soldiers,

Or others out of employment.—Good wages can be made by all who engage in the sale of the splendid new book, entitled

LIFE AND CAMPAIGNS OF GENERAL GRANT.

By Julian R. Larke. Nearly 500 pages with Engravings. Price $1 50. For further particulars, apply to DERBY & MILLER, Publishers, No. 3 Ann Street, New York.

Soldiers and Everybody! A great Book for you! Over 2000 things worth knowing! Mailed free for **25** *cents.* Address "Union Book Association," Box 362, Syracuse, N. Y.

Agents, order our UNEQUALED STRATIONERY PACKAGES.

JUST WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS.
OUR NEW POCKET ALBUM.
(FOR SOLDIER AND CIVILIAN.)

Holding Sixteen Pictures, is the cheapest and best Pocket Album ever offered to the public.

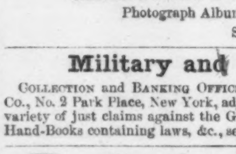
Sent by Mail to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Seventy-five cents.

It can be filled with Pictures (16) and sent by mail to soldiers in the army, or friends anywhere in Uncle Sam's domains, at the very trifling sum of thirty Cents postage. All orders promptly filled by

SAMUEL BOWLES & COMPANY,
Photograph Album Manufacturers,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Military and Naval

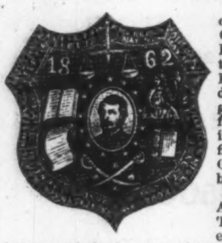
COLLECTION and BANKING OFFICE.—SOMES, BROWN & CO., No. 2 Park Place, New York, adjust and collect every variety of just claims against the Government or States. Hand-Books containing laws, &c., sent by mail, free.



Opera and Field-Glasses

Can see a man distance of 3 to 4 miles. Spectacles and Eye-Glasses with French flint glass. Also Microscopes of every description, from $1 to $50. B. H. HORN, Optician, 212 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., up stairs. Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular.

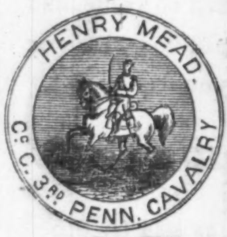
NATIONAL BATTLE PINS.



McClellan, Grant Rosecrans, Banks, Meade, Gillmore, Burnside, Hooker, Sigel, and Foster. All are the same Pattern as the cut, only differing in battle-grounds and dates. Perfect photograph likeness in each pin, plated with fine gold. By enclosing One Dollar a sample will be sent by mail.

AGENTS WANTED IN AND OUT THE ARMY. The undersigned has the exclusive right of manufacture, and the inventor of this beautiful keepsake and record of gallant acts. Also,

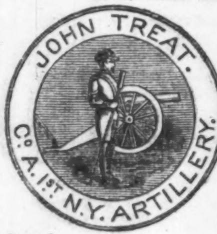
Cavalry and Artillery Pins.



HENRY MEAD.
Co. C. 3RD PENN. CAVALRY

The above cuts represent perfectly the Cavalry and Artillery Pins we have been getting up in Silver Metal, to answer the urgent inquiries from day to day from that important branch of the service so long neglected in appropriate badges. The Cavalry and Artillery Pins are Enameled for the Divisions in

Red, White and Blue,

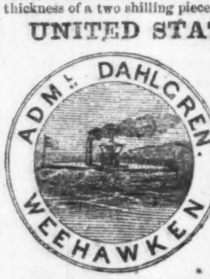


JOHN TREAT.
Co. A. 1ST N.Y. ARTILLERY.

The outer rim highly polished as Silver can be for the Name, Co., and Regiment. These Pins are Silver, and cost One Dollar and Twenty-Five Cents, with the Name, Co., and Regiment engraved upon them, or One Dollar without engraving. If any engraving is desired beyond the Name, "Co." and Regiment, Three Cents per Letter or Figure will be charged.

AGENTS will be furnished at $6 per dozen without engraving, and $9 per dozen with the amount above mentioned. The Emblems are raised, and the Pin about the thickness of a two shilling piece.

UNITED STATES NAVY
Monitor Pins.



The cut is a correct copy of the Monitor Pins got up in Silver Metal. The name of the Monitor and purchaser of Pin will be engraved upon the same, and furnished for $1 50 each. The Pins are very beautiful, and got up expressly by desire of many officers of the Navy. Same Pins got up in Solid Gold.

Agents wanted, and supplied at $7 per dozen, without engraving, and $10 per dozen, engraved as above.

Every Monitor in the Navy represented.

LOUIS PHILIP & CO., 609 Broadway, N. Y.

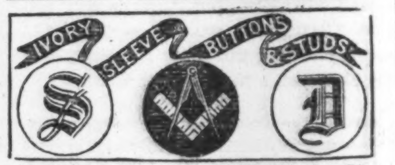
Accordeons from $3 00 to $25. Flutes FROM **75** CENTS TO **$100.** FIFES FROM **50** CENTS TO **$25 00.** BANJOS FROM **$2 00** TO **$20 00.** DRUMS FROM **$5 00** TO **$12 00.** PRIZE DRUMS **$15** TO **$20.** On receipt of the money will forward any instrument by Express. WM. A. POND & CO., No. 547 Broadway, N.Y.

CHURCH VIEWS.—Card Photographs of 150 Principal Churches of New York and Brooklyn; also 75 Splendid Views of Central Park. Price 25c. each, 5 for $1, or $2 per doz. Views. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Send stamps for catalogues. W. O. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

ARMY BADGES,

Watches, Gold Pens and Cases. Jewelry of all kinds at reduced rates. Send for a Circular.

R. KEITH, 208 Broadway, N. Y.



Engraved with Initial Letter, Old English, &c. Complete sets $1 50, free by mail. Trade supplied.

JOHN F. PHELPS & CO., 493 Broadway, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

To Compositors.—Wanted, three strictly first-class Compositors, *used to Book-work.* Apply to Mr. MARSH, Foreman of HARPER & BROTHERS' Composing Room, N. Y.

The Beard, &c.

IN those cases of scanty, retarded growth, where the person is over 18, by its remarkable nourishing and stimulating power, the Tennessee Swamp Shrub Balsam has been found infallible, in exciting the Beard, Moustache, &c., to an exceedingly fine and vigorous growth. The history of this Balsam, with a small sample box, will be sent sealed, on receipt of return postage.

JOHN RAWLINS, 815 Broadway, N. Y.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
14 Chambers St., N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

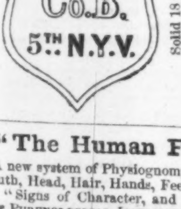
100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.


VETERAN
J.A.MILLER.
Co.B.
5TH N.Y.V.

Solid Silver, $1 50.

Solid 18 k. gold, $6 50.

Veteran Soldiers.

We are now prepared to furnish all kinds of Veteran Pins for all the Regiments and Corps now in the field, at $1 50 each. Also all the various Army Badges worn by the different Armies, by the single one, 100, or 1000.

Sent to any part of the country by mail. Send for a circular. Address
DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers,
208 Broadway, New York.

"The Human Face Divine."

A new system of Physiognomy. Eyes, Ears, Nose, Lips, Mouth, Head, Hair, Hands, Feet, Skin, Complexion, with all "Signs of Character, and How to Read Them," in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED for 1864. New vol. $1 50 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38x51. Price $3500.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

The Army Lantern.

The Convex Reflector Lantern,

(PATENTED APRIL, 1863.)

For burning Coal Oil or Kerosene without Chimney.
GIVES A PURE WHITE LIGHT *without Chimney.*
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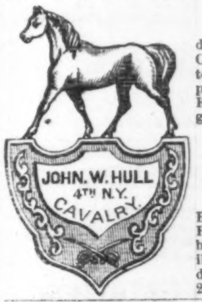

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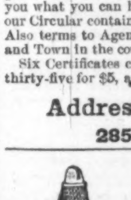

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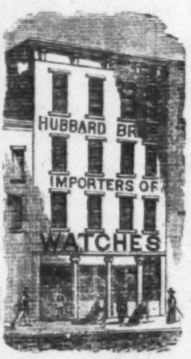

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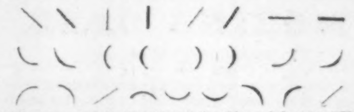

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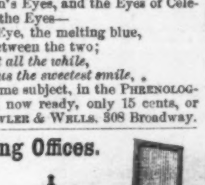

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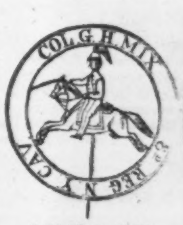

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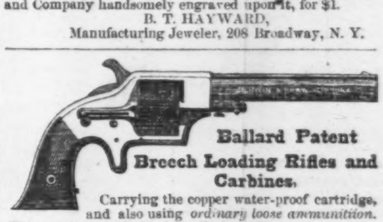

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